

Dragon Dare Deathmatch

by Artful Chicken

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Stormfly, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-08-05 14:02:02

Updated: 2013-12-28 16:55:18

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:47:14

Rating: K

Chapters: 19

Words: 26,284

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Of all the ancient dragon traditions, there has been nothing more honourable, more prestigious, more challenging, more disastrous, more idiotic or more foolhardy than a Dragon Dare Deathmatch. So when Berk's dragons go head-to-head in said honourable sport, who will come out victorious, and what will happen? (Surely nothing good, thats for sure.)

1. Chapter 1

****Hey guys! Artful Chicken here :D for those who're following me, a really big sorry that I haven't posted in a long time! ****

****Well, it feels good to be back, and here I've got my latest fic. For the purpose of this story, lets assume that Berk has a big stable for dragons to hang out inâ€”the Communal Stable. Because I thought, if the human Vikings have a Grand Hall, why shouldn't the dragons have their own equivalent? And also, I noticed from a movie screenshot, a big stable with a lot of lofts for dragons. Basically...yeah imagine 3****

****Oh, and a big shout-out to FJORD MUSTANGâ€”you were the inspiration for the dragons' personalities anspeakers styles. And to ANIMATION NUTâ€”you were the inspiration for the Dare Match idea. Thanks! ****

****Now let's get this show on the road, shall we?****

*** * ***

><p>Berk's dragon stables were the best stables anywhere. Partly because they were the only dragon stables around the known islands. Other contributing factors were the endless supply of soft Berk hay, the spacious wooden lofts and the (more than) occasional sheep that assumed that wandering anywhere near the stables was a good idea.<p>

Then there was the Communal Stable. To get a better picture, take the best dragon stable you have ever seenâ€”and multiply it by ten. Then add every conceivable thing you think a dragon would like. The Communal Stable belonged to no one in particular. It was more like the dragon's version of the Great Hall, where Berk's dragons met over fish and (stolen) mead to engage in juicy gossip sessions about their Riders.

On this particular day, Toothless, Hookfang, Barf and Belch, Meatlug and Stormfly, together with a few (very annoying) Terrible Terrors were gathered here.

It was terribly boring. Their Riders were off on some pointless exercise involving the reconstruction of an old widow's house (after Barf and Belch had so kindly burnt it to the THOR-FORSAKEN GROUND) There was nothing newâ€”the only thing worth talking about was the hefty human blacksmith falling off his roof, and it wasn't even that funny.

So there they were, with Barf and Belch dozing off on Meatlug's head, Toothless arguing with a VERY annoying Terror, and Stormfly yelling at Hookfang to PLEASE for GOODNESS SAKES LEARN SOME TABLEMANNERS.

"I said CHEW the fish!"

"Make me, Sissy Bluebottle."

Silence

"I swear if you slurp one more time I WILL burn your stable to the ground!"

_"Go ahead, House Lizard. See what my Rider will do." _

"Hah! He's so slug-brained he won't even notice!"

"Go ahead. I dare you. "

The room went silent. Barf and Belch stirred, Toothless exchanged amused glances with Meatlug, and the Terrors let out a collective _"Ooh..."_

Stormfly narrowed her eyes, obviously thrown off guard. _"Oh, so this is how it's gonna be? Well thenâ€”",_ she took a second to regain her composure, _"â€”challenge accepted."_

A murmur rose among the Terrors, who were promptly shushed by Toothless.

"And, Stormfly smirked, I further challenge you to a nice, friendly, piddly little Dragon Dare Matchâ€”TO THE DEATH!"

Now, dear reader, don't be fooled. Dragons are proud, creatures with a great sense of honour. Which is why there really isn't any "Nice Friendly Piddly Little" in a Nice Friendly Piddly Little Dragon Dare Match (To The Death!). Because if there's one thing a dragon won't do, it's back down from a Dare Match.

"Oh, it's on", Hookfang grinned evilly.

"We want in!" Barf and Belch chorused.

_"I'll show the lot of you Common Garden Browns! I'm in!" _Toothless laughed, swatting a Terror in the face.

_"Fine..."_Meatlug groaned.

Stormfly looked around with mild surprise.

"It's settled, then. So...who'll start?"

"Hold up, Stormfly. You were supposed to burn Hook's stable", Toothless pointed out.

"To the ground", Hookfang added.

_"To the ground," _Meatlug said wearily.

_"Watch me," _Stormfly shot personalised glares at each dragon in the room, then shot out of the Communal Stable.

Five dragon heads poked out of the Communal Stable. They couldn't really get a good view of Stormfly, so they waited. And waited.

A cloud of red, yellow and violet rose and died.

"STORMFLY! YOU ARE SOOO GROUNDED!" A distant female shriek erupted near the flames.

Hookfang, Toothless, Meatlug, Barf and Belch ducked inside. They had a feeling it wasn't a good time to be seen outside.

* * *

><p>So, what dares do you guys have in mind? Post them in the review box, and I'll post most, if not all, of them! Stay tuned!

2. Chapter 2

**In which Stormfly is back for revenge. **

Suggestion from: Ami

* * *

><p>When Stormfly came thundering in the next day, no one was prepared. Apparently, "Operation: Hide From Stormfly" (name courtesy of Meatlug) had just been invalidated.<p>

"Da da da...we're dead," Toothless muttered in a singsong voice.

Stormfly looked royally pissed, but somehow managed to retain her queen-like dignity.

"Alright", she said slowly, her voice oozing with verbal Dragon

Venom, "_I dare Hookfangâ€" "_

"Wait! Rule 23 of Dragon Dare Match To The Death says no dare-backs!" Meatlug pointed out.

Toothless and Barf and Belch exchanged glances. Because it didn't take an idiot to know that Hel hath no fury like Stormfly on Revenge-Mode. And it didn't bode well if it was one of them who would be taking the dare.

"Fine. Meatlug, thank you so much for volunteering," she paused and checked her reflection in her talon. _"I dare you to act like a Youngling dragon for a day!" _

"Is she kidding?!" Hookfang burst out in laughter. He chortled like a maniac, hammering the ground with his paw and accidentally firing a bolt of flames at Barf.

Stormfly glared.

Hookfang stopped.

"Okay no she isn't," he shrank back.

* * *

><p>"This is the worst," Meatlug growled as he flew through the village, in search of something to aid the act. The other dragons had dispersed from the hall and planted themselves at Strategically Located Locations around Berk. Something told them that this was going to be quite a show.

Meatlug found a pack of Changewing younglings, who were being babysat (or, in this case, youngling-sat) by a middle-aged female Nightmare.

"Here goes nothing..." Meatlug sighed.

Toothless, Stormfly, Hookfang, Barf and Belch waited.

"Mommy! Mommy feed me! I'm hungry! Feed me!" Meatlug began rolling on the grass, bawling.

"Are you crazy?! What the Hel are you doing?!" The female Nightmare's eyes widened at the apparent psycho in front of her.

Some distance away, five dragons could barely hold back their laughter.

"The Rider cometh!" Belch giggled.

"Hey! Meatlug! I got you somâ€" Fishlegs was suddenly bombarded by his maniacal Gronckle.

"DADDY!" Meatlug shot over to Fishlegs and began snuggling up to his Rider. "_Daddy feed me!" _

"Meatlug stop! AAAAAAH! MEATLUG WHAT ARE YOU DOING! HICCUUUUUUP! HEEEEELP! MY DRAGON'S GONE WACKO!" Fishlegs screamed as Meatlug began

chasing him down a hill, trying to nuzzle up to him.

The five other dragons followed, laughing too hard to even fly straights. Barf got tangled with Belch, then they dive-bombed Stormfly who rolled over into Toothless and Hookfang, until basically a stout Viking teenager was running down a hill, being chased by a crazy Gronckle and a snorting, cackling, guffawing tangle of red, blue, black and green.

Out of nowhere Hiccup appeared in front of the motley procession.

"I've got it, Fishlegs! Just hold still a-and don't panic cuz I-I got it under control! You just gottaâ€"I meanâ€"okayâ€"almost got itâ€"Yeah!"

He stuck his hand under Meatlug's head, scratched, and in five seconds flat the Gronckle flopped on his face in the grass.

"Whew! That was...unusual..." Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief.

"Yeahâ€"dunno what's gotten into Meatlug," Fishlegs mused.

The two boys didn't notice when five dragons, breathless with laughter, secretively fluttered away.

* * *

><p>And that was Chapter 2! Keep those suggestions coming in!

3. NOT Chapter 3

**Hey guys! Sorry for the false alarm, but I felt the need to clarify this before I further mess up the Dare Match! **

A nice user (who shall remain anonymous, but to the nice user, thank you so much!) has pointed out that I got Meatlug's gender wrong. So to clarify this, for the rest of the story,

Toothlessâ€"dude

Meatlugâ€" dudette

Barf and Belchâ€"dude

Hookfangâ€" dude

Stormflyâ€" dudette

I'm really sorry for this big mess-up! Hope it's much clearer now and that it didn't ruin the story!

4. Chapter 3

Suggestion from: WraithDragon54

**(Note: "Indragone" is the dragon equivalent of Inhumane.) **

* * *

><p>Toothless flexed his back, shaking out his waterlogged wings. Hiccup had decided to try a new invention of his, which involved some sort of fake wings for humans. Of all his creations, Toothless firmly decided that this was the most ridiculous. No one but dragons could and should fly! No one!<p>

Well safe to say, that hadn't ended well. They'd crash-landed in the middle of the icy ocean, and had to WALK (walk! The mere thought of it!) their way back to the village because APPARENTLY wet wings don't work.

Toothless snorted out more water, then tested his plasma bolts. Just his luck if he was going to end up a crippled AND Fire-cold dragon!

He took a deep breath, felt the familiar but slightly weak roiling in his stomach, felt the small glimmer of warmth grow and churn andâ€”

"AAAAAH!"

The smoke cleared, revealing Toothless's slightly singed Rider, still clutching a now-barbecued bundle.

Said Rider looked at Toothless, then at the bundle.

"Ah, well, seems repairable. Could beâ€”"

The bundle crumbled into black powder.

"â€”worse." Hiccup dropped his hands to his sides.

"Aw that's just great. Ju-ust great. Now I'm gonna have to build the whole thing again, and I don't even have enough tension springs, not to mention the only canvas we have left isn't gonna withstand all the..." he muttered, storming back into the forge.

Toothless muttered an inaudible "_Oops..._"

"Pst! Dentures! Over here!"

Toothless whipped around. He saw nothing.

_"Great, I've really lost it, haven't I?" _He growled.

"Dentures! Come on!"

This time, he found a yellow Terror perched on the roof of the forge.

_"That's TOOTHLESS to you, House Lizard. Anyway, what do you want?" Toothless hissed. _

_"Meatlug's turn to dare. And I hear she's got something pretty good!" _The Terror grinned.

Toothless zipped off, water sliding off his (semi-dry) wings. He wouldn't miss the Dare Match for the world.

"So, who's up next?" _Stormfly pressed. Meatlug seemed to be taking her time, just staring at the rest with a sort of knowing look in her eyes.

"I dare...Barf and Belch..." _she paused._ "...to eat the carcass of a Striped Sea Devil." _

"_Whatâ€"_"_

"_You can'tâ€"_"_

"_THIS IS INDRAGONE!"_ Barf and Belch protested in unison.

"_A dare's a dare, suckers!"_ Hookfang crowed. "_Unless, of course, we have a winner and a loser already..."_

"_Stopâ€"_"_

"_Fineâ€"_"_

"_We'll eat it!"_ _Barf and Belch yelled hastily.

"_Waitâ€"who's gonna get the carcass?_" Toothless pointed out.

"_I'm not touching it,_" Meatlug declared.

"_Neither am I,_" said Stormfly.

"_Isn't this your dare? Go get your own Striped Sea Devil and bring it here? Gods, it really took a genius to figure that one out, didn't it?"_ _Hookfang sighed.

"_You will pay,_" Belch hissed.

"_Dearly_,_" added Barf.

Fortunately (or unfortunately) for them, Barf and Belch soon found the eel on top of a pile of fish, in a small fishmonger's stall.

"_Ew ew ew ew ew ew ew,_" Barf gingerly picked up the disgusting yellow-and-black...THING, careful to only touch it with the tippy-tips of his talons, and flew off to the Communal Stable as quickly as possible.

The moment he reached the Stable, he flung the eel down. The other five retracted as the THING flopped disgustingly in front of them.

"_Alright, it's chow time!_" Toothless grinned.

Barf looked at Belch. Belch looked at Barf.

Barf and Belch bit down on opposite ends of the eel, then pulled it into 2 halves.

"_Thish ish shtupitch_..." Belch muttered, trying his best to talk while still biting the eel.

They stared at each other, hesitating. Then the yellow and black thing was slurped up in a flash.

"_Wait...that's it? _" Stormfly couldn't believe her eyes.

"_Uh...I don't think so..._" Toothless retreated, preparing for the...

"_BLEARGGGHHH!_" the twin dragons spewed out a tidal wave of foul half-digested fish, sheep and of course, eel. In a horrible instant, the Stable was spattered with putrid green-grey-yellow-white-brown mush, from the floor to the roof.

Toothless looked at Stormfly.

Stormfly looked at Meatlug.

Meatlug looked at Hookfang.

Hookfang glared poison at Barf and Belch.

Outside, once could spot five dragons, more green-grey-yellow-white-brown than any other colour, shoot out of the Stable and into the clean ocean.

* * *

><p>And that was Chapter 3! Keep those suggestions coming!

5. Chapter 4

Suggestion from: 2 Anon people (AHAHAHAHA you sadistic peasants)

**Contains a little more Toothless and Hiccup, cos I've missed my bbys ;) **

* * *

><p>The next day, the Stable was still preserved in its putrid glory. In fact, the stench had become worse. And the dragons hoped that if the Vikings didn't notice the stench then, well, hopefully now they might notice that something was at least a LITTLE fishy (no pun intended).<p>

So Toothless, Meatlug, Hookfang, Stormfly and Barf-and-Belch met up at Meatlug's place instead.

"_Well, think of something!_" Stormfly prodded.

"_We're trying!_" Barf and Belch yelled. They thought for a while, as they had been doing the whole morning.

"_Dimwits..._" Hookfang whispered.

_ "Oh! Oh! I got something!" Belch chirped.

_ "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Barf grinned.

_ "I think I'm thinking whatâ€" _

_ "Just get on with it!" _Stormfly snapped.

"_I_â€" Barf started.

"_We_," Belch corrected, _ "dare Toothless toâ€" _

_ "Steal his Rider's metal foot!" _ Barf finished.

"_Holy Odin, I WAS thinking what you thought I thought I was thinking!" _Belch looked absolutely surprised.

_ "But Toothless, are you sure you're okay with it? I mean, Rule 38 says that if the Dragon Dare infringes upon the Basic Honour of anotherâ€" _Meatlug said, slightly nervous.

It was more than apparent to the dragons (who were extremely perceptive creatures) that even under his cheery exterior, Hiccup's loss of a left foot still remained a sore point for him.

"_Nah, I'm sure he'd be fine. He's a tough kid. Besides, those Whispering Death kids keep trying to steal MY fin all the time! He'll be able to handle it," _Toothless reassured her.

"_Okay then, how're you going to do it?" _Stormfly asked.

_ "I don't know..." _

_ "Doesn't he take it off when he nests or something?" _Hookfang pointed out.

_ "That's right! He does!" _

Stormfly's inborn Soldier-Mode was beginning to show. "_Great! The skirmish begins at midnight!" _

* * *

><p>It was hard acting normal the whole day. Hiccup would keep falling over things (as usual) and would laugh it off (as usual), but today Toothless couldn't ignore the little twinge of guilt that crept into his dragon heart.<p>

Still, he told himself he'd return it as soon as...well...

As soon as possible.

* * *

><p>Night crept over Berk like a great black serpent. The temperatures plummeted, dive-bombing the village in the form of little white hailstones. Fires danced to life one by one, bathing the simple wooden cottages in a wash of brilliant orange.<p>

His Rider had long crawled into bed, with an extra layer of pyjamas on, setting his prosthetic at the bedside table.

Toothless stared at the stars for a while, at how they lit up the inky black night so wonderfully. Then he looked at his sleeping Rider, at how he'd toss and turn in his sleep, muttering something about "air-oh-dyna-mix". (Toothless had yet to find out what that meant)

The questions came suddenly, like a storm.

Would Hiccup get ticked off if he caught him in the act? Yes.

Did he want to win the Dare Match? Verily so.

Was the Match worth...it?

Toothless couldn't answer that.

But...ah well. He was only going to steal the prosthetic once. Toothless would hide it in an obvious place, and pray that Hiccup would think that he misplaced it.

Toothless picked the metal contraption off the table, with Extreme Dragon Stealth, slunk off the balcony, and into the living room via the front door. He set the prosthetic somewhere under Stoick's favourite chair. Thereâ€œobvious but not obvious. Extreme Dragon Genius.

* * *

><p>Toothless nuzzled Hiccup awake as usual, purring softly.<p>

"G'morning, bud!" he yawned happily. He stretched his arms, then flipped open the blanket.

He paused.

Toothless held his breath, mentally spewing every single Extreme Dragon Vulgarity. Was he really so bad at acting/stealing/all of the above?

"Hey, uh, Toothless? Have you seen my foot?"

Toothless gave him big, innocent kitty-cat eyes.

"That's just great. Fantastic." A vengeful look passed over Hiccups green eyes. The look stayed there as he washed up and changed out.

"Gimme a lift," he said grittily, leaning on Toothless's side.

Toothless gulped.

* * *

><p>Stormfly and Meatlug looked up to see Toothless awkwardly supporting his one-footed Rider.<p>

_ "Do you think he found out?"_ Meatlug asked.

_ "Nope. If he did, Toothless would be dead by now,"_ Stormfly replied. They continued watching Hiccup limp around with Toothless, who looked guiltier than ever.

They were quite a sight. It would even have been funny, if the Rider didn't look like he was about to kill someone.

* * *

><p>"I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D DO THAT! WHAT THE HEL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!" Hiccup yelled at a very confused Snotlout.<p>

"Do what, again?"

"THIS!" he gestured to his non-existent prosthetic. "If you haven't noticed by now, the mighty Night Fury is being used as a crutch, and I don't think he likes it very much, so can you PLEASE give it back?!"

"Oh...I thought you him along to burn me alive," Snotlout mused.

"That's not the point!" Hiccup tugged at his auburn bangs in frustration. "I mean, right, obviously I wasn't aware of the fact that I'm Thor-damned CRIPPLED, so thanks for stealing my prosthetic to help me notice that!"

"I don't have it!" Snotlout protested. "I was out the whole of yesterday fishing with my dad!"

Hiccup groaned. "C'mon, bud. We'll find it soon."

Toothless gave him a guilty smile.

Hiccup smiled, scratching Toothless behind the ear. "Thanks, bud. Ah, well. At least I know you'll never, ever do that to me, won't ya, bud?"

* * *

><p>And that was Chapter 4! Toothless is gonna choose a dare next, so what do y'all think he should do? Keep the suggestions rolling!

6. Chapter 5

Suggestion by: D (Guest)

* * *

><p>The next day, Hiccup was still fuming. Toothless just followed beside him, offering a smile when needed.<p>

He still couldn't find his prosthetic, but Gobber managed to find some crutches that matched Hiccup's size (and arm strength).

He sighed. "I'll find it soon, I guess. You don't have to follow me around if you don't want to, bud. You can, I dunno, go hang out with Stormfly, I guess. She's still rebuilding Hook's stable."

Toothless wanted nothing more than to grab the prosthetic and bolt out the door, but he played the "innocent-loyal-friend-ain't-going-nowhere" card.

"Aw, thanks, bud," Hiccup patted Toothless. "It's really fine with me. Just be home for dinnerâ€"dad's making smoked cod!"

"_Holy Odin, smoked cod day!_" Toothless roared ecstatically. Then, without needing to be reminded, Toothless leapt up, subtly sweeping the prosthetic out from under Stoick's chair and into his paws, then bounded off.

"Weird little guy," Hiccup mused to himself, pulling out his sketchbook.

* * *

><p>Toothless found Hookfang, Meatlug, Stormfly and Barf and Belch at Hookfang's stable. He'd never really seen the stable's progress, but maybe that was because the five of them were forever running off to Dare-Match each other. Well, it seemed like Stormfly's Rider had finally put her steel-studded boot down and got the dragons back to work.<p>

Meatlug hefted a wooden beam over a sort of framework. "_So, did he find out?"_

Toothless sighed. "_Find out it was missing? Yes. Find out it was me? Holy Odin, no. "_

_"So, whatcha gonna dare, then?" S_tormfly replied, hoisting Astrid to the roof with her paw.

"Oh, I got something. Something REAL good," Toothless let out an evilly gummy grin.

"Well HOPEFULLY it makes up for the prosthetic leg dare," Hookfang added snarkily.

_"Well as a matter of fact, it does," _Toothless opened his paw to reveal Hiccup's prosthetic.

"_Ooh-no,"_ Belch whispered to Barf.

"_Hookfang, I dare you,"_ Toothless motioned to the large Nightmare_, "to go around the village, for the whole day, holding THIS!"_

"_Please, how's that even a dare? Might as well dare me to eat a cod,"_ Hookfang smirked obliviously.

"Oh, you'll see," Toothless smirked back.

"_Someone's in trouble,"_ Barf whispered to Belch.

* * *

><p>Hookfang toyed with the glinting object in her paw. Stupid lizard didn't even allow him to go indoors.<p>

"_Whatever_," Hookfang puffed out a circular ring of black smoke.

He was surprised the dimwit Vikings hasn't even noticed the shimmering prosthetic yet. They seemed too preoccupied with tackling each other at inopportune moments. Dimwits through and through.

The prosthetic was an interesting little thing. Small, almost tiny in Hook's long black talons. He felt its almost nonexistent weight, compressed it a little to feel it mysteriously spring back into its original length, held it against the sun and watched the white morning sunlight dance over it.

Such a big work of art for such a tiny human.

As Hookfang bounced the prosthetic in his palm, he failed to notice a certain vengeful blonde slam the butt of her axe on the ground, and charge off to said tiny human's house.

* * *

><p>Astrid charged towards the Haddock house.<p>

"HICCUP!"

"GAAAH!" Hiccup jumped in shock, shattering the wooden structure he'd been working on the whole morning.

"Astrid, could you please KNOCK?" he moaned.

"Sorry," she found herself smoothing her unruly yellow bangs. "Anyway I hear you lost your left foot?"

"Gee, really? I had no idea, thanks a lot, Astrid! For a whole year since the Red Death incident I've been wondering why my left leg seems a lotâ€"

"I mean your PROSTHETIC left leg, ding-dong!" Astrid smacked her forehead. Really, the boy frustrated her sometimes.

"Yeah, thanks for noticing," he said drily.

"O-okay well you might wanna see this," Astrid tugged him towards the door.

"Holy Odin..." Hiccup mouthed.

Right in the middle of the plaza, sat Hookfang, looking very pleased with himself. Balanced in his long, immaculate black talons, wasâ€"Thor-damnitâ€"HIS prosthetic!

"Get Snotlout over here," Hiccup went white with anger.

* * *

><p>"What? Why the Hel would you think I did it? We already established that it wasn't me, like, yesterday!"<p>

"Oh, of course, then YOUR dragon must be holding ASTRID'S prosthetic, right?" Hiccup snapped.

"Hey! Don't curse my babe!" Snotlout said, earning a full-on punch in the face from Astrid.

"Whatever," Hiccup stormed his way to Hookfang, grabbed the prosthetic, fixed it on and left.

"Oh, come on! I don't even know how it got there!" Snotlout yelled after Hiccup. He turned to Astrid hopefully. "Come on, babe, help me out here!"

Astrid punched him again, then charged after Hiccup.

"Aw, not you too! Astrid!" Snotlout groaned. He jabbed a finger at Hookfang. "You, sir, are on LIMPETS for a WEEK. Oh, and add another week for ruining my chances with Astrid!"

Hookfang groaned.

Toothless wasn't kidding, was he?

* * *

><p>Chapter 5, peeps! Don't forget to keep the suggestions rollin'!

7. Chapter 6

Suggestion by: CeCdancer

Side note: I kinda liked your other suggestion too, so I welded them into one dare 3

* * *

><p>"Gimme some of that!"

The other dragons jumped in shock. Hookfang came barging into the newly-cleaned Communal Stable, where Toothless, Barf and Belch, Stormfly and Meatlug were just about to split a barrel of salmon.

Hookfang charged towards the barrel of the glorious stuff, and downed the thing (wood and rivets included).

"_What?! Oh come on, do you know how long it took for me to get all that salmon?! What's your problem?!" _Stormfly snapped.

"_Why don't you try eating LIMPETS for three days?"_ Hookfang sneered at her.

"_Limpets aren't that bad!" _Meatlug defended. "_Well, anyway, you DID at least think of a dare during those three days, right?" _

_"As a matter of fact, I HAVE." _

_ "Well?" _Toothless said impatiently.

"_Well it's a lot better than anything you bunch of greenhorns could have thought of," _Hookfang puffed a ring of smoke into the air. "_I dare Barf and Belch to...trash one side of your Twin Riders' chamber, and only listen to one of them for the whole day!"_

_ "You trying to get us grounded, Giant Ladybird?"_ Barf protested.

"_Shut up, at least he didn't make you eat a Sea Devil!" _Stormfly pointed out. "_Besides, I thought you two loved trashing their chambers!"_

_ "'S true..." _Belch admitted.

"_We're the Masters!"_ Barf cheered.

"_Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"_ Belch grinned.

_ "I think I'm thinking what you...er...let's do it!"_

* * *

><p>Barf and Belch slipped into the twins' bedroom. One one side was Tuffnut's bed, and on the other was Ruffnut's. Anyhow, both sides were equally messy, cluttered with dirty laundry and a few small knives here and there. The only possible way to know whose bed was whose was to look at the nature of the clothing (which I have absolutely no desire to elaborate on).<p>

Neither the twins nor their parents were at homeâ€”the former were hunting bears with Snotlout, and the latter were "visiting" the neighbouring islands.

Barf and Belch took a look at the room.

"_Who will it be, then?"_ Barf mused.

Belch thought for a while. "_Not the girl. I like her. Feeds me trout. "_

_ "Well I like the boy. He's better than your girly-girl Rider!" B_arf argued.

"_Are you calling meâ€”"_"_

_ "Maybe I am, GIRLY!"_

_ "Oh, that's it. You're going down!"_ Belch snapped dangerously.

"_You can't kill me, pea-brain. We're on the same body!"_Barf rolled his eyes.

"_Oh yeah?"_

_ "Yeah."_

Belch glared at Barf. "_Whatever. Fine. We follow your boy. "_

_ "I win," _Barf crooned.

"_Shut up."_

_ "No, you shut up!"_

_ "No, YOUâ€™" _

_ "Look, if we keep going at this rate we'll NEVER win the Dare Match," Barf yelled in frustration.

"_Okay. Where do we start?"_

Barf grinned. "_At times like this, we don't need a place to start."_

* * *

><p>Forty five glorious minutes later, the twins' room looked spectacular. It was as if a tornado had swept through the Ruffnut's half of the room, saw an invisible line, and left Tuffnut's half of the room perfectly untouched. The division between "dirty" and "chaotically disastrous" was so obviously drawn out that you could step from Ruffnut's side to Tuffnut's side and think you just walked through a magic portal.<p>

Barf and Belch surveyed their handiwork proudly.

_ "I say we outdid ourselves,"_ Barf commented contentedly.

"_Oh no, we out-outdid ourselves," _Belch added.

"_That's not even a word, Lizard Brain."_

_ "How would YOU know, youâ€™" _

_ "QUICK! THE RIDERS HAVE RETURNED!" _

Barf and Belch slid down the stairs like lightning, and sat down innocently in the living room. Just then, the door handle turned.

"Worst. Hunting trip. Ever," Tuffnut commented grittily. Barf crooned sympathetically.

"Yeah, that's because you didn't kill any bears," Ruffnut tossed her axe to the floor. "C'mere, boy! "

Barf and Belch didn't respond, continued picking at the floorboards like she was invisible.

"Barf? Belch? Hello-ooo! Midgard to Barf and Belch! Can you even hear me?!" Ruffnut made a face as she waved her hands in the air, snapping her fingers in Belch's face, ANYTHING to convince her that their dragon(s) weren't going nuts.

"You're doing it wrong, butt-face. C'mon! Come to daddy! Who's the man, huh?" Tuffnut scratched Barf and Belch behind their ears as they practically flung themselves at him.

"See? YOU'RE the crazy on," Tuffnut smirked at his fuming twin sister.

Ruffnut blew a stray hair away from her face. "Shut up, face-butt. I'm going to take a nap, you BETTER NOT be banging on your stupid shield while I'm trying to sleep. "

Tuffnut tossed Belch a mackerel. "Face-butt isn't even a word."

"Like butt-face is!" Ruffnut snapped over her shoulder as she trudged up the stair.

Tuffnut rolled his eyes. Girls can be soâ€œ"

"OH MY THOOOOOORRRRRRRR!"

A high-pitched shrieked sliced through the pinewood walls and staircase. Tuffnut followed the noise, distantly worried that something might actually have happened to his whiny sister.

Ruffnut stood at the doorway of their room, fists tangled in her blonde braids.

Tuffnut took a tentative look inside.

"What theâ€œ"

The room was a mess. Specifically, Ruffnut's side of the room was a mess. On her side, every single one of her daggers, maces, swords and axes were sticking out of the wall like a twisted version of a display piece in a weapon store. Her fur pelts were ripped and singed at the edges, and lay on the floor in a tangle, revealing her bed which had been trampled in half, muddy smudges littered all over the sheets.

On the other hand, Tuffnut's bed was left unharmed, his blankets and furs were right where he'd left them, and his weapons lay benignly in a pile at the foot of his bed.

Barf and Belch had followed Tuffnut, and were now barely holding back a thunderstorm of laughter.

"Who. The. Hel. Did. This," Ruffnut grated murderously.

"Definitely not meâ€œI was with you through the whole bear-hunting trip," Tuffnut defended.

Ruffnut paused. "Snotlout?"

"He was with us too, seaweed brain."

"Astrid?"

"She can't have broken the freaking bed in half," Tuffnut sighed.

"Fishlegs! He's heavy enough to do this!" Ruffnut exclaimed.

"It can't be him. He's got his face buried in that Thor-damn book of his. Besides, the dude has a crush on you," Tuffnut mused, before adding, "I wasn't...supposed to say that...don't...don't tell him..."

Ruffnut stopped to think again, then pulled a weird face.

"Hiccup?" she asked quizzically.

"Oh myâ€"you have GOT to be kidding me. Really? Ugh.." Tuffnut rubbed his temples. "Use your brain, idiot! Do you think Talkin' Toothpick would be able to do THIS?" he motioned to the splintered bed.

"Wait a second..." Ruffnut squinted at the brown smudges. The more she looked, the more they seemed like...

* * *

><p>Outside the house, Toothless and Stormfly lazed in the afternoon sun.<p>

"_Wonder how Barf and Belch are doing_, " Stormfly wondered lazily.

"_I'm surprised we haven't heard any screaming orâ€" "_

"BARF AND BEEEEEEELLLLLLCH!"

* * *

><p>Okay :) that was chapter 6, folks! keep the suggestions coming!

8. Chapter 7

Suggestion by: Kookiebites13

As a side note, a big Shout-out to Professor-Evans. Thanks for all your awesome suggestions. Even though they're not in this chapter, I'm planning to use them for the next, maybe :)

* * *

><p>"You two AREN'T grounded?" said Stormfly, quite suspiciously.

The acid-green Zippleback laughed.

"_We snuck outâ€" "_

"Too easy!"

_"They'll never find out!" _Barf and Belch concluded evilly.

"So, your dare?" Hookfang grew impatient. There was never-ending amusement to be gained from watching the twin dragons. In most cases, Zipplebacks were the most complex of dragons due mainly to the fact that they had TWO brains instead of one, but in Barf and Belch's case...well Hookfang couldn't bear to imagine them with ONE

brain.

"_That's the best part!" _Belch snickered.

"_No, it's the best-er part!"_ Barf puffed up proudly.

"_Best-er isn't aâ€" _

_"Keep going, we have all day," _Toothless said drily.

Barf and Belch looked at each other.

"_It's his fault!"_ they protested at the same time. Collective sighs were given off.

"_Anyway. On to the dare now,"_ Barf looked absolutely proud of himself.

_"We dare Meatlugâ€" _ Belch began.

"AW, REALLY?" Meatlug looked indignant.

"_Shut up!_" Toothless and Stormfly yelled.

"_We dare Meatlug to hide a Birthing-Stone in her Rider's house_, " Barf and Belch looked menacingly chipper.

"Yeah, so...anyone preggers here?" Hookfang raised a claw.

Five pairs of eyes darted around awkwardly.

"_Um_, " Hookfang continued. "_Well then_. "

"_Birthing Week is five Moon-Seasons away, Hook,_" Toothless pointed out.

"_You got a better idea, Lizard?"_ Hookfang growled.

"_Coldsnap the Nadder's expecting, actually_, " Stormfly said helpfully. (Trust Stormfly to have an extensive network of lady-friends.) "_I can help get one." _

"This is going to be sooo fun," Hookfang rubbed his talons evilly.

"_Shut upâ€"You're not the one bombing your Rider's house_, " Meatlug said miserably.

* * *

><p>Coldsnap's Birthing-Stone was magnificent. It glittered with iridescent cyan and blue hues. Meatlug carried it carefully between her teeth. It was rocky and solid, and she had no doubt it would hatch into a strong, healthy Nadderâ€"<p>

If it survived the foolhardy dares, that is.

Her green eyes darted around the house.

Under the chair? Too obvious...

On the roof? Well unless she was fine with potentially killing her Rider.

Fire-place? Now that was an idea. Dragon Birthing-Stones were largely fireproof, in any case.

Meatlug took great care to place the Stone as gently as she could, under some small logs in the fireplace.

After much shifting and annoyed dragon rumbles, Meatlug finally managed to get the Stone into a good spotâ€”hidden just under the pile of firewood.

All that was left to do now was to wait.

* * *

><p>"No, really, Legs. You're pretty good, just that you gotta work on the finer details. But that's fine, considering that you're just starting out," Hiccup said encouragingly, shuffling through a thin stack of drawings. He'd just spent the afternoon guiding Fishlegs through the art of speed-sketching dragons. While Fishlegs was still pretty raw at that, he did have a great deal of potential.<p>

If he didn't consistently waste a few seconds rattling off Shot Limits and Blindspots, he was actually pretty impressive.

Fishlegs was grinning ear to ear. "Thanks, man! Wanna hang out for dinner? Lout and Tuff are coming over too. We, uh, actually do that every Thursday."

"Sounds great," Hiccup shrugged as they walked into Fishlegs's house.

"Hey, you got a lot of firewood for one house," Hiccup commented as they walked past the unlit fireplace.

"I don't remember gathering that many logs," Fishlegs shrugged. Hiccup took a poker and prodded at the firewood. Something seemed weirdâ€”the pile of firewood seemed too narrow and tall to support it's own weight, yet somehow it was.

Hiccup gave it a hard poke, and the logs fell away to reveal...

"A dragon egg?" Hiccup quirked an eyebrow.

Fishlegs peered at the egg and shrugged. "Yeah."

They looked at each other, then back at the egg. Then back at each other, then...

"DRAGON EGG!" both boys screamed in unison.

Fishlegs and Hiccup erupted in a frenzied panic, scrambling away from the fireplace as fast as Thor would allow them, and somehow managed to crash into each other, landing on their butts in the middle of the living room. They picked themselves up and ducked behind a table.

"Why the Hel do you have a dragon egg?!" Hiccup snapped fiercely.

"Don't look at me! I didn't put it there!" Fishlegs protested.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

Four seconds.

Five seconds

"Do you think it's safe? I mean, maybe not all species' eggs explode. Maybe this one just pops," Fishlegs tentatively poked his head out from behind the table.

"Uh...I'm pretty sure all species' eggs explode."

"Come on, it looks like it's been there for quite a while," Fishlegs mused. "There's no real harm in it"

KA-BOOM!

Chairs, tables and random pieces of wood flew everywhere in a spectacular explosion of red and white. A cloud of ash hung in what was left of the Ingman house, colouring everything grey, like the charcoal drawings the boys had worked on that afternoon.

Fishlegs and Hiccup pulled themselves off the floor like two very sooty phoenixes, coughing violently.

The front door slowly leaned, tottered and finally collapsed and shattered, revealing a slightly singed Snotlout and Tuffnut.

"Hi?" Hiccup tried.

Tuffnut and Snotlout looked royally pissed.

"Blowing stuff up WITHOUT us?!" Tuffnut flung his hands at the shattered wreckage.

Snotlout shook his head. "Dude, that's just...low."

* * *

><p>Hope y'all enjoyed chapter 7! Just a heads-up that I actually already have an idea for the next chapter, but if you wanna see your dares in subsequent chapters, do drop a review!

9. Chapter 8

Suggestion by: Professor Evans

* * *

><p>Meatlug flinched guiltily in her stable as half the large, wooden, draught-proof doors were blown clean off their hinges.<p>

It wasn't so much from the sudden blast of heat and light, or the Thor-worthy KA-BOOM.

Rather, it was because of the fact that in less than two seconds flat, a good portion of the Ingerman house had quite literally disappeared into thin air.

The smoke cleared, ashes falling around the ruined house lazily like a dark parody of the beautiful Berkian snowfall.

Four figures were left standing in the ashes, blackened like bizarre, walking Night Furies. Two of them gestured wildly at the others, and so Meatlug took the opportunity to buzz off quietly.

* * *

><p>When Meatlug slipped through the doorway of the Communal Stable, she expected many things, but THIS wasn't one of them.<p>

"_Oh. My. Freya. That was absolutely AWESOME!_" Barf and Belched gushed in union.

"_Thor, 'Lug, looks like my girl's all grown up!_" Stormfly beamed proudly, reminding her oddly of her mother.

"_You needa do that again sometime! Who knew babies could be so cool?_" Hookfang enthused, drawing a rivulet of chortles from Toothless.

"_Yeah, man! I bet her dare's gonna be absolutely wicked!_" Toothless composed himself.

"_C'mon, Meatlug, dish the dirt!_" Belch cackled, a little too evilly.

Meatlug stopped.

A red-hot prickle crept up her neck. Of all things, she'd forgotten to come up with a decent dare!

Thor-damnit! Just when she thought the Baby-Gronckle Incident had passed long enough for her to rebuild her reputation, she'd forgotten to come up with a dare, of all things!

She hovered there for a second, mentally cursing herself.

"_Iâ€"uhâ€"I dare..."_ Green Gronckle eyes searched the room for the first name that came to mind. "_...I dare Hookfang...to...to..."_ Meatlug grasped for words like how she'd imagine a drowning Human to grasp at proffered hands, "_...to walk around for the whole dayâ€"ON FIRE!" _

"_Oh, come on, do you know how tiring that's going to be?! I have a shot limit too, even if its infinitely higher than yours!" _Hookfang whined.

Toothless pretended to look shocked. "_Well then. Looks like the almighty, forest-levelling, sea-taming, bone-melting MONSTROUS NIGHTMARE'S out of theâ€"_"_

"SHUT UP! Fine, okay?" Hookfang snapped. "_Can I at least start tomorrow morning? I mean, I'm gonna, like, be on FIRE, and it's a pretty big whoop, so more people will be awake to see that in the morning. Besides, I might kill a sleeping Human." _

_"Accepted," M_eatlug confirmed. "_Hey, is anyone spending the night here? I don't...think it's safe for me to go back yet. Plus it's late. "_

"Yeah, I'll stay with you!"

"Me too. Hiccup's probably asleep already, and I may wake him up."

"I am!"

_"We are, if everyone else is!" _

And so, after a brief buzz of Dragon Gossip, our little unplanned sleepover party dissolved into deep, dragon slumber.

* * *

><p>Dawn came quickly, gold and red splattered against the vast Berk sky. Daylight came quickly as the golden chariot of Sol herself charged over the sea. The sight was majestic, as every shade of red, yellow and violet was splayed out over the sky. Yet in this display of strength, there was a small, subtle beauty. One would think that in a rough-and-tumble place like Berk, such peaceful charm was impossible, but, well, there it was.<p>

The village was slowly roused to life by years of routine. The small yawns of Viking children, the squeaking of wheelbarrow wheels, the ear-shattering SKREEEEEEEE of axes being sharpened, the incessant THUNK of maces in combat training, the chittering and chirping of tiny Terrible Terrors, the pleasant crackling of cod and flatbread cooking over the hot coals, the idyllicâ€"

"LOOK AT ME! I'M ON FI-YAAAAAAH!"

A great, hulking mass of red and black Dragon stood atop the roof of a house and crowed with strength nearly comparable to that of the almighty Odin himself.

Every pair of eyes, both human and dragon (and even some sheep), turned to stare at the sizeable Monstrous Nightmare currently perched on Mildew's roof.

Great tongues of orange and red flailed around Hookfang, from top to toe. It would have been cool, reallyâ€"except for the fact that said tongues of orange and red were now licking their way ALL OVER MILDEW'S BRAND-NEW ROOF.

"Serves him right," he snickered to himself, ignoring the old man's hysterical, unintelligible raving.

Hookfang shot up from his perch like a stone from a catapult. Time for the REAL show to begin.

He soared into the brilliant blue sky, etching a series of smoking loops, corkscrews and nerve-shredding dives across the cyan canvas, roaring an impressive show-off-to-you-all Dragon Roar.

Well, if you have to do a dare, might as well have some fun, right?

Hookfang rocketed across the sky, adrenalin raging through his veins.

Oh, Thor almighty, this was awesome! His Rider must be so proud of him! He was the BEST! His Rider probably thought he was stellar, magnificent, brilliant, awesome! He could just HEAR him saying to all the puny Humans, "Look at my dragon! He's absolutelyâ€œ"

* * *

><p>"Crazy. Yup, Hookfang's lost it," Snotlout commented to Tuffnut.<p>

The six teens watched Snotlout's nutcase of a dragon drunkenly loop-dee-looped across the sky.

"Dude, that's worse than when we fed Thornado all the mead!" Tuffnut chortled. Snotlout fist-bumped him.

"What?!" Hiccup whipped around.

"Uh...nothing."

Hookfang landed with a backflip, in the middle of the very shocked crowd. Oh yes, they were screaming alright! His adoring fans...

Wait, why were they screaming?

The crowd shattered into chunks of frantic Vikings, all screaming their heads off and running from Hookfang.

Hookfang then remembered that he was on fire. Hey, sometimes that fireproof hide of his made him a little less self-aware. As far as Hookfang knew, he never saw it as a problem.

Well, despite the fact that they were probably not screaming in ADORATION, well, screams of terror would do in a pinch too.

Well, he wasn't called the Monstrous NIGHTMARE for nothing! Might as well enjoy his day of awesome Dragon Fame.

* * *

><p>The whole village was in chaos.<p>

No one could take five steps before finding themselves face-to-face with a crazy, grinning, flaming Monstrous Nightmare. Carts were overturned, bulky Viking men ran screaming like little girls, houses were destroyed, watchtowers toppled like felled trees, livestock were

chased everywhere and the Great Hall was set alight.

It was as if every single dragon raid prevented by killing the Red Death had come back to bite them in the butt all at once.

It was so bad that Stoick came close to declaring an islandwide State of Emergency. Heck, the only one that seemed to be having fun was Hookfang himself.

"How the Hel do we turn it off?!" Snotlout whispered urgently.

"Guys, I'm getting really scared..." Fishlegs said tremulously.

"Hiccup, I really hope you can cure Hookfang of his Crazy..." Tuff demanded in a low whisper.

"Why the Hel do you guys always expect me to know?!" Hiccup snapped. The four boys were crammed awkwardly in a tiny toolshed for "safety", and the heat, humidity, cramped-ness and sheer thought of being stuck with his cousin was REALLY starting to eat at Hiccup's mood.

"I thoughtâ€" "

"SHH!" Snotlout shushed Tuff, who opened his mouth to shush him right back.

For suddenly, deep, heavy tremors rocked the small ramshackle toolshed.

Boom.

_Boom. _

_Boom. _

_Boom. _

Tuffnut closed his mouth.

"He's coming! Guys! I think I'm freaking out!" Fishlegs panicked.

"Ugh, I'm outta here. What are we even doing? Hiding like a bunch of sissy Celts or something?" Snotlout began to take a tone of disgust. "I'm gonna face that thing, like a REAL VIKING!"

"O-oh boy," Hiccup moaned as Snotlout heroically threw opened the toolshed door.

"HEY! HOOKFANG! BUDDY! OVER HERE!"

Rocks pelted the red Nightmare's back. He turned around to see his Rider looking fairly hysterical.

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA TURN THE FIRE OFF!"

More rocks.

"YOU HEAR ME? TURN IT OFF, BUDDY!" Snotlout yelled.

He turned to Hiccup, Fishlegs and Tuffnut. "I THINK IT'S WORKING, GUYS!"

"Uh, I don't think he speaks Rock!" Hiccup called back.

Truth be told, Hookfang did. In a way. He knew exactly what his Rider was trying to get him to do, even if his understanding of Humanese was a little rusty. But everyone knew that the Vikings of Berk had stubbornness issuesâ€”and apparently so did their dragons.

And so Hookfang just stared at his Rider stupidly.

"Try water, dude!" Tuffnut yelled brightly.

"Yeah! Good one, Tuff!" Snotlout replied as he ran off, reappearing seconds later with a bucket.

Snotlout swung the bucket back, and with a mighty war-cry worthy of Berk's most fearsome Vikings, doused his demented red dragon.

It worked.

It worked.

The flames died down, and Hookfang turned back into his usual dull red.

"Yeah, man! You're the VIKING!" Fishlegs whooped after a long, stunned silence.

"Who's awesome? ME! Did you guys see that? I was all, FOR THE GLORYYYYYYYYYEEEEAAAGGGHHHH and totally DUNKED him, man!" Snotlout did a little victory dance. The three boys squeezed themselves out of the toolshed...

Only to scramble right back in.

"Whaâ€”what's happening? Guys?"

Snotlout turned around very, very slowly, finally figuring out that something was up.

"Oh. "

For Hookfang had flamed himself right back up, and looked nastier than ever.

* * *

><p>"So...who's the Viking again?" Hiccup commented drily.<p>

"Shut up," Snotlout said into the cramped darkness of the toolshed.

* * *

><p>Yep, that's it for chapter 8! Do keep the suggestions

rolling!

10. Chapter 9

****Suggestion by: Ferdoos****

* * *

><p>"No. Way. "

"Oh, yes way."

"Meatlug, what is your problem?! There is NO way in Midgard that I am doing that," Stormfly's voice rose.

"Ladies, ladies, calm down!" Hookfang tried.

"Yeah, it's just a dare! No biggie," Toothless put in.

Meatlug tried to explain for the fifth time.

"All you gotta do is fly in, pick up your Rider, go to Toothless's Rider's houseâ€""_

"That, I have a problem with," Toothless said under his breath.

"You're supposed to be HELPING!" Meatlug snapped.

"Sorry."

"Anyway, you just bring your Rider to Toothless's Rider's house, place her next to him, and flutter off! It's not that bad," Meatlug tried to sound as convincing as possible. "_Besides, you've got the fastest set of wings on Berk! It'll be in, out, and you're done!"_

Belch chimed in. "_Plus, Toothless's Rider has a crâ€"_"_

"You're not supposed to SAY it!" Barf groaned at his twin head.

"Shouldn't I share this very juicy piece of Dragon Gossip?" Belch protested. (Funny thing was, all this while, no one seemed to notice Toothless and Stormfly go very, very red.)

"NO!"

"Okay, fine!"

"Well, GOOD!"

"Will you two just give everyone a break?!" Hookfang was a few steps away from flaming up again. (But he couldn't, for yesterday's episode had left him very, very Fire-Cold.)

Barf and Belch shut up in unison.

"Alright, if Stormfly has no objections, we start after dark, when the Humans are asleep," Meatlug announced.

After a general _"Uhh"_ of approval, the meeting was over, and the dragons scattered.

* * *

><p>Daylight had never felt this long to the dragons before, but eventually Nightfall came, and Berk was bathed in the raven-coloured ink of mid-winter.<p>

It was then that it began. Delicate, tiny flakes of white cascading from the darkness above, floating around the island in spirals. They fluttered round the rough-and-tumble Berk cottages, making the battle-hardened village suddenly seem like an ivory wonderland of tumbling white.

Fires flickered on, and doors were shut. Drapes were pulled closed, and Stormfly noted, with a minuscule drop in her heart, that it would be much harder to transport her Rider in these circumstances.

Nevertheless, she puffed her usual vivid orange cloud at Astrid's fireplace, hugged her Rider goodnight, and went to her stable.

Tonight was going to be a long night.

* * *

><p>Toothless stared at the window.<p>

It was dark outside, and not to mention, snowing too. He felt bad, because even through his nearly everything-proof dragon hide, he felt little curls of frigidity nip at him. And then he'd look at his weedy fishbone of a Rider, and tryâ€"try the best he couldâ€"to imagine just what it would feel like to be him, by taking that cold, biting feeling and multiplying it by ten...no, twenty.

All he could think of was COLDCOLDCOLDFREEZINGFREEZINGFREEZING.

What made it worse was that he still insisted on leaving the window open, only putting a thin, movable drape over it. Why he did himself the disservice, Toothless would never understand, but he thought it may have something to do with Toothless's tendency for midnight...toilet visits, and the fact that Toothless was in charge of the routine early-morning wake up call (by jumping on the roof, no less.)

Still, despite the fact that dragons are, and always will be, creatures of strong routine, he wished there was a way to persuade Hiccup to CLOSE THAT THING ALREADY.

Aaand then there would be the issue of how Stormfly was going to get in.

Some things just never end, did they?

* * *

><p>Stormfly was cursing internally. She had managed to get into Astrid's room (by blasting the curtains away), but for some reason her supposedly agile Nadder claws were simply not functioning.<p>

Her plan was simple: Astrid slept in between a blanket and a sheet, so she could just pick up the sheet, each of her four claws to each of the four corners, and fly off. Simple, no?

No.

Her claws kept slipping, and she even punched a small hole or two in the corner of the sheet. As if it wasn't bad enough, her Rider seemed to be quite active in her sleep, changing positions every few minutes.

So Stormfly was stuck there, claws slipping embarrassingly on the sheets.

One more time...one more time...Odin help her, she HAD to get it that time! She was a DEADLY NADDER, for Thor's sake! She wasn't a Gronckle, orâ€

She got it! She gave the sheet a lift, and true enough it seemed stable. Her Rider didn't even stir! Finally!

Stormfly mentally congratulated herself as she flew out into the night.

* * *

><p>Getting into Toothless's Rider's room was easier than expected. Hel, practically all she needed to do was FLY in. And fly in she did.<p>

She found the Rider easily. He was relatively compact, curled up conveniently on one side of the bed.

"You were fast," Toothless rumbled softly.

Stormfly jumped slightly, but managed to keep her voice to an inaudible croon._ "Oh, you should have been there. "_

There was silence as she carefully laid her slumbering Rider next to Toothless's.

Astrid stirred lightly, wrapping her arms around an extra pillow she didn't remember taking (must have been from her mother), and sinking back to sleep while distantly wondering why the pillow seemed so...bony?

Hiccup was also distantly awake. He was murkily aware of the sudden warmth next to him, but something told him it was just Toothless's overprotective mom-mode. So he ignored the feeling of being...hugged (?) and went back to sleep.

Toothless and Stormfly watched the two teenagers tenderly. They seemed so peaceful, so contented, so...happy. Like what was happening wasn't a stupid dare, but something natural, almost...almost destined

to be.

And as they did, they didn't know it, but slowly the gap between Toothless and Stormfly began to shrink too...

"Humans..." they both said at exactly the same time, then looked at each other in shock.

"I...uh...should go," Stormfly stuttered.

"Heh, yeah, me too..." Toothless yawned dramatically. _"It's getting late!"_

"So...see you tomorrow?" Stormfly said, uncharacteristically shyly.

"Yeah, of course!" Toothless replied, before Stormfly disappeared into the night.

* * *

><p>"I can't believe they didn't kiss!"

"Barf!"

"I mean, I really really thought they would!" Belch whispered sharply.

"Well show's over, gotta wait till tomorrow, guys," Hookfang said dejectedly.

"Aw..." Belch whined.

"Shut up, we'll get plenty more opportunities to spy on Stormfly and Toothless. But it's getting late, and we should go," Meatlug reasoned, semi-irritatedly.

The other three agreed reluctantly. Man, they really thought that after an entire year, that had finally crafted the perfect circumstances! But evidently, they'd have to wait.

Meatlug, Hookfang and Barf and Belch flew off too.

* * *

><p>The sun streamed through the open window of the bedroom, curtains fluttering softly in the morning breeze.<p>

Astrid's eyelids fluttered open. She let out an involuntary sigh of content, because in all her years on Berk she never remembered sleeping so well. In fact, everything seemed a lot warmer, even though she remembered going to bed freezing.

She mentally begged herself to stay asleep for just five more minutes, nuzzling closer to her extra pillow.

Her strangely thin extra pillow.

Her strangely thin, oddly bony extra pillow.

Her strangely thin, oddly bony, vaguely human shaped...green tunic-clad...auburn mop-headed...extraâ€œ"

Wait a minute.

Astrid was suddenly acutely awake. That was when she noticed that that wasn't her bed, wasn't her ceiling, wasn't her dragon sleeping in the corner of the room, heck, wasn't even her room in the first place...

And that DEFINITELY wasn't an extra pillow slipped to her by her mom.

Oh gods above. Oh gods oh gods oh gods.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was violently shaken awake, and he was sure this time, it wasn't Toothless.<p>

He blearily turned to the shaker's direction...coming face to face with a very, very livid Astrid.

"Why. Am. I. In. Your. Bed?!" She grated out.

"Ah...ha...yeah that's...a really good questionâ€œ"

"Of all people, why YOU?! After all these years, surprise! He's a SICKO too, on top of being a complete hermit! Would'ja look at that!" Astrid's voice rose.

"Astrid, please! I can explain! I-it wasn't me, I was sleeping the whole night, just ask Toothless!" Hiccup flung his arms at his dragon, who shot him a "_Don't pin this on me!_" look.

"Toothless! You're supposed toâ€œ"

SLAM!

"What's going on upâ€œ"HOLY THOR IN ASGARD!" Just when things couldn't get any better, the door flew open to reveal none but Stoick the Vast.

"Oh gods," Hiccup breathed.

"Uh, morning, sir...? I...uh, best be leaving...g'bye!" Astrid bolted down the stairs awkwardly, in her deep red nightgown.

"Oh, godsâ€œ" Hiccup raked his hands through his hair.

"Hiccup. Horrendousâ€œ"

"Oh, gods he's angry."

"â€œHaddock. The third," Stoick finished, dangerously slowly.

"Look, dad, I can explain! I didn't...DO anything with Astrid! I just WOKE UP and she was kinda just...THERE! You can ask Toothless, he would _probably-most-likely-but-on-second-thoughts-maybe- not_ have seen or heard if anything happened last night! You gotta trust me on

this one dad!" Hiccup found himself rambling at a deeply scowling Stoick.

"Like that time Urp the Unstoppable just WALKED AROUND and the arrow was 'kinda' just in his rear?"

"No, dad, DIFFERENT!"

"Look, Hiccup, we need to talk," Stoick felt a strange sense of déjà vu as he found himself going in circles with Hiccup the Handful.

"...yeeeeeeah okay are you mad or not?"

"Sit. Down."

Hiccup sat down.

"I...uh...was planning on talking about this for a long time, so, well, no time like the present! Now, when...uh...two people really like each other, they will...feel. Things. Strange things going on. You understand, right?" Stoick looked pointedly at his son.

"Oh boy...you know, on second thoughts, just...be angry..." Hiccup started.

"And when these people feel these strange...uh...things, they will want to do...uh...other things..."

Hiccup buried his head in his hands. Looks like he had a long morning.

* * *

><p>Okay, that's it for chapter 9!

On a side note, I'm really sorry this is a late update! I usually try for Wednesdays or Thursdays, but somehow I lost track of time, and been pretty busy...

Ah well, I'm sorry guys! But do keep the suggestions coming! I've been having a lot of fun writing your awesome dares!

11. Chapter 10

**Sup y'all? Artful Chicken here :D **

**I've gotten quite a few suggestions to follow Hiccup and Astrid through trying to figure out how they ended up...well...THERE. Then I figured that with so much weird shiz going on in Berk lately, the teens would HAVE to at least wonder why. **

**So, just a heads up, there are no dares in this chapter! Just a bunch of kids playing detective. So all dares suggested for this chapter will be transferred to the next! Oh, and that means that y'all have more time to send in the suggestions! **

Happy reading!

* * *

><p>"And Hiccup, if you forget everything that I said, just remember one thingâ€œ" "<p>

"Lock all the doors next time?" Hiccup said hopefully.

"No, son," Stoick said gravely. "It is that above all things, no matter how tough a woman is, no matter how many Outcast heads she's chopped, no matter how well she wields an axe," Stoick said carefull, "you must never, ever, take advantage of her. She must be treated with as much as respect as you would Freya or Sigyn. After all, son, we are Vikings. And a Viking is always honourable, especially a Hairy Hooligan. Forget that, and we are no better than a Saxon or a Roman or, Thor forbid, an Outcast. Got that, son?" Stoick smiled, sensing that the snarky comments had slowed to a trickle over the course of the Talk.

"YES, dad, I totally get it now!" Hiccup hoped to run while he had the chance. "It really makes sense, and I shall NEVER do something like that again!"

"That...that's good, son."

"Well, we...uh...best be going for breakfast!"

"YES, er, breakfast!" Stoick brightened up visible. "Good...good talk, son."

"Yeah, good talk, dad," Hiccup replied with a slight beam. Because once things started working out between him and his dad, the phrase "good talk" didn't need to be a lie anymore.

Stoick left his son's bedroom and went downstairs. After his talk with Hiccup, it was as if an ancient scar was being stabbed at again.

Stoick sighed as he dumped two a mutton leg into a pot to broil. Oh, Val. Oh beautiful, strong Val.

Stoick vaguely remembered all the times when they were still courting, bickering over who would cook breakfast, lunch and dinner, or who would take care of their weapons...

He even remembered that she'd volunteered to give their future child The Talk.

"I'm going to have to do it, because you're rubbish with children!" She'd laugh, to which Stoick would pretend to look indignant.

Oh, Val.

"HI DAD SORRY DAD BE BACK IN A MINUTE DAD DON'T GO OUT OF THE HOUSE DAD!" Stoick looked up to see none but Hiccup the Handful dart out of the house in his pyjamas.

"It's okay Stoick, just breathe," Stoick sighed to himself. You'd think that after all these years, a man would have gotten used to this. "Just breathe."

* * *

><p>Hiccup rushed out of the house. His heart was pounding, and excitement bubbled up in his chest, the kind of excitement specially reserved for figuring the last gear that needed to go into a new machine.<p>

True enough, the snow had stopped, it seemed, for a long time already. Not long enough for the snow to have entirely melted, but long enough so that whatever footprints were made last night would not have been covered.

He looked around, then tentatively put his right foot in the shallow blanket of snow. Good then. Now he would know what his own footprints (or bootprints) would look like.

Hiccup paced a full circle around the house, trying as hard as possible to make it a continuous ring. All around the Haddock house, there was absolutely nothing, save for his and a series of sort of freshly-made prints from a girl running away in embarrassment.

"Weird," Hiccup commented. He went another full circle. Nothing. The snow was absolutely untouched, pristine and white and glittering in the Berk morning sun. The only two tracks were his and Astrid's from this morning.

His heart stopped inside him as he began to make his way back inside the house.

Whoever moved Astrid left no tracks on the ground, which meant that it travelled by...air...and that could only mean...

"Dragons!" he breathed as he slammed the door shut.

* * *

><p>"ASTRID! ASTRIIIIID!"<p>

Astrid buried her head in her hands, trying to pretend she was...a...mug! Or a...tree! Definitely not Astrid the Absolutely Mortified.

"Ooh..." Ruffnut snickered.

"Astrid, I've figured it out! You have to come with me!" Hiccup burst into the Great Hall.

"Today's your lucky day! Ooh, say yes!" Ruffnut winked at Astrid.

"Figured out WHAT," Astrid snapped.

"How you...y'know...got there," Hiccup waved his arms in the general direction of the Haddock house. "You have to come with me! I can explain EVERYTHING!"

"Oh, alright," Astrid sighed. "But you better not do anything psycho or something."

"Someone's finally got his feelings in check!" Ruffnut sang.

* * *

><p>"What exactly am I looking at?" Astrid stared quizzically at Hiccup's house.<p>

"The snow," he restrained himself from smacking his forehead. "Okay look, you see the bootprints in the snow?"

"Yeah...?"

"Well you see that one there," he motioned to a series of straight prints coming from the door. "That series of tracks are yours. From this morning. "

"Uh huh?"

"And you see the one going around the house in a circle?" Hiccup brought her all around the house. "Those were mine, this morning. "

"So?" Astrid wrinkled her brow.

"So if the only footprints are yours and mine from this morning, then whoever moved you didn't leave any footprints!"

"But this could just mean the culprit's prints got snowed on!" Astrid pointed out.

"Ohh, no. Do you remember what time you felt...a change?" Hiccup said without faltering.

"Definitely not right after I went to bed," Astrid guessed.

"That's right! Same for me! Which means that their tracks would not be covered up so fast. Which means that they DIDN'T move on the ground at all," Hiccup guided her thought process slowly as they made their way back to the Great Hall.

Astrid took a while to process this, facial expressions moving from complete befuddlement, to doubt, to a tinge of realisation, to whole new level of...

"Oh, no...are you sure? Why would a dragon just put me next to you out of nowhere?" Hiccup mentally congratulated her as she finally got it.

"I don't know...that's the thing, you see."

"Hey, what you lovebâ€"guys talking bout?" Snotlout called out from his table with Fishlegs, Tuffnut and Ruffnut.

Hiccup and Astrid made their way over and sat down. Astrid looked noticeably shaken.

"Have you guys noticed your dragons acting...weird?" Hiccup took a peanut from a bowl they were sharing.

"YES! Yeah, I was just gonna ask you. Last week, Barf and Belch

trashed our room!" Tuffnut said.

"But the weird thing was, it was only my side of the room..." Ruffnut sounded like she was telling a ghost story to a bunch of children.

"Oh! And there was the Hookfang-on-fire thing!" Snotlout put in.

"Now that you mention it, there was that time when Meatlug became all huggy," Fishlegs shuddered. "It was...really weird."

"Yeah, guys! And then there was that time Hiccup's prosthetic somehow ended up with Hookfang," Astrid said, "and I'm starting to think it WASN'T Snotlout."

"Aw, you trust me?" Snotlout gave her puppy eyes, earning a chicken bone to the face.

"And then Stormfly destroyed Hookfang's stable for no reason," Hiccup concluded, choosing not to point out what happened last night. "It's like, there's suddenly a whole series of strange behaviour from the dragons!"

"Maybe it's mating season?" Snotlout said helpfully.

"No...that's not for another month..." Fishlegs pointed out.

"It's like they're all in a contest, to see who can drive us crazy first," Tuffnut remarked, tearing a chunk of meat off his chicken leg.

"Hah, I wish it was as simple as that," Hiccup said sourly. They hadn't really gotten anywhere. All they knew was that the dragons were acting weird all of a sudden, and they couldn't explain why.

"Well, let's just hope this doesn't get to Mildew's ears," Ruffnut said, grabbing a handful of peanuts.

As the teens sat in baffled silence, none of them noticed a tiny yellow Terrible Terror skittle out of its hiding spot behind a pillar, and buzz out of the Great Hall.

* * *

><p>"They said WHAT?!" Stormfly's reptilian eyes widened.

"_It's true! The Human younglings are catching onto your scent, and if they figure your little Dare Match out, the jig is up!_" The Terror spoke at lightning speed.

"_Thing is, Squirt, they HAVEN'T,"_ Hookfang looked bored.

"_But that doesn't mean they won't,"_ Meatlug pointed out.

"_But what's the worst that could happen? All they'll do is find out that we are now locked in a grilling Dare Match, and stop wondering why we're doing all...THAT! They may even leave us be, since they

know what we're up to!" _Toothless argued. "_Besides, we're DRAGONS, for Thor's sake, not crocodiles or something sissy like that. We can handle it. Odin's beard, guys, stop worrying!" _

"Yeah, and nothing can stand in the way of the Dragon Dare Deathmatch!" Barf chirped.

"_Not even Barf's face!" _Belch added.

"_Hey!"_

The Terror sighed. And he thought that the older you got, the wiser you became. Well, this bunch of teenagers just proved him dead wrong. He desperately hoped that he wouldn't become all THAT when he grew up.

"_Alright then. If you wanna get caught, that's your problem! Torch, out!" _He announced, before flying off.

"_Little kids,_" Hookfang puffed a ring-shaped cloud into the air.

"_So, who's turn is it to dare a dare?" Barf broke in.

Stormfly perked up. "_Mine! And I dareâ€"_"_

* * *

><p>Chapter 10, guys! Suggestions for Stormfly's dare are still open, so do keep them coming! I've had so much fun :D

12. Chapter 11

Suggestion by: RoseJustice

* * *

><p>"So, who's turn is it to dare a dare?" Barf broke in.

Stormfly perked up. "_Mine! And I dareâ€"_"_

_"DO YOU MIND?!" _Toothless snapped at Hookfang.

"Oops, my tail slipped," Hookfang looked around innocently.

_"Well, keep your body parts under control!" _Toothless retorted.

"Then why don't YOUâ€""_

"Well excuse YOU, princesses! If you're done with your little bat-fight, we have a Dare Match to run!" Stormfly looked about as murderous as, well, Stormfly._ "Now, as I was saying, I dare Toothless to switch places with Hookfang...for the WHOLE day!"_

_ "Stormfly, have you completely LOST it?! Hook's nut-head pork-knuckle of a Rider has NO idea how to control THIS!" _Toothless flicked his bright red false tail in the air for dramatic effect._
"If you really want me dead, just TELL me! Gods!"_

_ "Oh, you did NOT just say that about MY Rider! He's better than your Rider will EVER be, and plus, only the most MAJESTIC have been able to face the MONSTROUS NIGHTMARE!" _Hookfang announced, flaming up (barely) to add to the spectacle.

_ "Hookfang, how many times do we have to remind you? No fire in the Stable! And while you're at it, stop whining, and remember who brought your Rider and you together in the FIRST PLACE! Because if YOU don't think that's worthy of the highest order of Dragon Honour, then I don't know what is!"_ Everyone turned to see Stormfly ranting (again), and Meatlug swore she saw that deadly twitching of her tail spikes.

"...I did the thing again, didn't I?" Stormfly muttered apologetically.

_ "Its not your fault, Fly. Everyone has problems," _Toothless said sympathetically, casting a glare at Hookfang, _ "some a lot more ANNOYING than others. Anyway, it shouldn't be too bad. We begin immediately!"_

_ "Alright, guys, you heard the man, let's move!" _Meatlug hustled the dragons out of the Stable.

* * *

><p>"That was really something, standing up for my Rider,"
Toothless stared into the wintry sunset.

_ "I...just lost control...I wasn't thinking straight,"_ Stormfly fixed her eyes on a particularly intriguing blade of grass.

_ "No, as in..." _The Night Fury scrambled for the right words to say. Thor-damnit, why wouldn't his brain work when he needed it to?!

_ "I meant...thank you," _Toothless looked at the iridescent Nadder hopefully.

Stormfly looked shocked. As far as she could remember, she'd been considered a train-wreck of a dragon with bad anger management issues, The-One-You-Don't-Argue-With, the walking ball of spikes and angst issues.

And this...Toothless was thanking her?

_ "Well...I don't know. I just...didn't like the way Hook talked about your Rider. It's...it's been so long since the Great Liberation, that we've forgotten the feeling of being...rescued,"_ Stormfly trailed off_. "You know what I mean, right?"_

Toothless's bright reptilian eyes met hers.

_ "Yeah, of course I do," _he beamed. _ "But look, you gotta learn to control yourself, nonetheless. You're...brave, like a REAL dragon should be, and it's not worth it if all...THAT gets covered up

byâ€" "_

_"The emotional explosions?" _That familiar gleam returned to Stormfly's eyes. Toothless's grin widened.

"I was gonna say your horrible reptile stink, but okay, if you say so..."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Make me!"

"Oh, you do not wanna mess with a Deadly Nadder!"

"Come at me, Lizard!"

* * *

><p>On the other side of the island, two teens stared intently into the rippling expanse of the sea.<p>

"You're not still mad at me, right?" The auburn-haired boy broke the silence.

"Maybe. Maybe not," the blonde girl replied, eyes still fixed on the furthest point of the horizon.

Hiccup raked at his mop of hair.

"Look, I don't know what our dragons are up to, but...I'll figure it out. Eventually. And I promise, nothing like That Night will ever happen again," he said slowly. "Ever. "

WHACK!

A singular splatter of pain exploded across his cheek.

"Are we REALLY back to that?!" Hiccup protested.

"THAT'S for passing your Crazy Germs to the dragons," Astrid dusted her hand on her skirt majestically.

"And this..."Astrid puckered her Valhalla-worthy pink, softâ€"

"HICCUP! OH MY GODS IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN! YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME, MAN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!"

And who else but the one and only Snotlout Jorgensen should come crashing through the undergrowth like a raging bull.

"Snotlout! Can't you see we're having a MOMENT here?!" Astrid snapped.

Snotlout looked at Hiccup, who had a mysteriously Astrid-sized handprint on his cheek, to Astrid, then back to Hiccup, then back to Astrid.

"Oh," the pork-knuckle of a teenager said dumbly.

"So what is it? Did I set something on fire again?" Hiccup asked irritably.

"No...it's Hookfang," Snotlout sighed. No surprise there. It was widely known that Snotlout and Hookfang had a...complex relationship.

"And your crackpot Night Fury."

Wait what?

"Toothless?" Hiccup blurted out. Toothless? Causing problems for Snotlout? Oh man, he'd really offended the gods big-time, hadn't he? "Just why the Hel would my dragon involved in your catty love-hate issues?!"

"Oh, man, you wouldn't believe it! Toothless is suddenly all HUGGY on me. Not kidding! He's even following me around!" Snotlout cast a cursory glance over his shoulder.

"And Hookfang?" Astrid asked.

"Well, he hates me, refuses to listen to a word I say," Snotlout said with a hint of resignation. "Weird thing is, he keeps hanging out at Hiccup's house!"

"So...Toothless is acting like he...sort of BELONGS to Snotlout," Astrid drew out a complex imaginary visualisation of the problem with her fingers.

"And Hookfang suddenly LIKES me," Hiccup added flatly.

"It's like...they switched BRAINS or something!" Snotlout exclaimed.

"I'm not so sure that's the case. We'd better take a look," Hiccup decided, after which the trio was off.

* * *

><p>As the three Vikings approached the outskirts of the village, they were greeted by two charging masses of black and red.<p>

"Nothing TOO out of the ordinary," Hiccup commented as the two dragons rushed towards them like soppy pet dogs. "The only thing they could've switched brains with are Hulda the Horrible's daughter's puppies."

Then, the unimaginable happened. Mere feet away from their Riders, Hookfang and Toothless suddenly changed course. Like a blur of red and black, out of nowhere Toothless was now charging towards Snotlout, and Hookfang towards Hiccup.

"I take that back, this is weird."

"I TOLD YOU," Snotlout whispered fiercely, while scratching Toothless's ears. "Uh...yeah! Good girl...boy...girl...dragon!"

Hiccup, on the other hand, was having something totally different.

"Hey, buddy! Why're you so weird? Is Snotlout feeding you wrong? Just need a little love, don't you?" He crooned in his Talking-To-Dragons voice, to which Hookfang purred softly.

"Doesn't seem too bad! Hey, why don't we make this another Training Exercise! We can learn to...I don't know...appreciate our dragons, after being with someone else's dragon for a day!" Astrid held back giggles.

Snotlout bowed nobly. "Anything for you, myâ€"ACK!"

"Waitâ€"Snotlout won't know how to use Toothless's rigging system!" Hiccup recalled.

"Doesn't matter," Snotlout shrugged nonchalantly, mounting Toothless's saddle the wrong way round. "I'm a Viking!"

Hiccup groaned. That seemed to be his excuse for everything.

"If you say so, then," he tried to climb onto Hookfang's head, but ended up hopping up and down in the most embarrassing way possible, just to get a handhold on the Nightmare's horns. "Little lower, bud!" He whispered.

"I'll get Stormfly! Gods, this will be SO fun to watch!" Astrid cackled, whistling for the bright blue Nadder.

* * *

><p>"If you're done spinning, can we get on to the real flying?" Astrid yelled back at Snotlout, who was currently corkscrewing in a zigzag on the back of a very annoyed Toothless, who, collectively, resembled an autumn leaf tumbling lopsided through the wind, falling then being blown up into the air again, only to swirl down after.<p>

"Can'tâ€"how do you even work this thing?" Snotlout's voice came from below a drunkenly twirling mass of Night Fury.

"I SAID, LEFT-FORWARD-RIGHT-FORTYFIVEDEGREESDOWNWARDS! Gods, what's so hard about that?!" Hiccup wasn't doing so well either. True, it was a small comfort not having to worry about holding his feet in the same position minutes on end, but even that didn't measure up to the punishment the gods had put him through. For starters, there wasn't much of a real saddle to sit on, so he was left with Hookfang's scaly, rocky, ANNOYINGLY bumpy head. Worse still, Hookfang's horns were way too wide apart for Hiccup to properly hold onto, so he basically clung onto the left horn, and wrapped his legs around the other, hoping and praying that Snotlout hadn't taught Hookfang any stunts.

Oh, and the part about Hookfang's "heating system for a cold day"? Yeah Hiccup was pretty sure he caught the whiff of burning tunic once or twice.

"Hey, Astrid!" Hiccup shouted over to the blonde, who's Nadder was currently sort of hovering in mid air, waiting for both dragon and

rider to untangle themselves from a stray tree.

"Yeah? Want a peanut?" Astrid offered the small sack to him.

"No, I'm good! Really! I think the whole 'appreciating our dragons' thing might just be working!" He called miserably from atop the steaming Monstrous Nightmare.

"I'm not called Astrid Hofferson for nothing!" Astrid tossed a peanut and caught it with a wicked SNAP. "Now whaddya say we go and help that flailing reptileâ€" "

"Hey!"

"â€"and Toothless out of that tree!" Astrid finished.

"A little help here?!" Came the cry from the black, green and Viking tangle below.

"I don't know, Astrid. A part of me finds this sadistically interesting. Hey, pass the peanuts!"

* * *

><p>Yep, that's it for Chapter 11! Keep the reviews rolling, I'm having so much fun reading them!

13. Chapter 12

Suggestion by: D (guest)

* * *

><p>"I STILL can't feel my leg, how 'okay' do you THINK I am?!"

_ "Oh come on, Toothless, I said I didn't mean for that to happen!" _Stormfly defended. Thor damn Toothless and his stupid, stupid stubbornness issues.

"_I mean, WHY would you do that?!" _Toothless ranted on, not really listening to Stormfly.

"_Okay, fine. I'm sorry. Let me make it up to you."_

_ "Whaâ€"?" To_othless stopped dumbly.

"_You heard me, ya big lizard," _Stormfly had that laughing tone in her voice again. "_How does half my Dragon Nip rations sound?"_

_ "Seems like a profitable investment," _Toothless mused, mimicking an old Zippleback he met once.

"_Oh, shut up," _Stormfly rolled her eyes. "_Anyway, I suppose now that you're no longer bedridden, you can care to show you majestic face at the Stable to dare a dare?"_

_ "I semi-willingly accept your meagre offer, Peasant," _Toothless

replied in his old man voice.

Stormfly laughed. "_Peasant, my tail."_

* * *

><p>As it turned out, Toothless realised that if he'd been bedridden for more than three days, the other four dragons would probably do something stupid and kill themselves.<p>

The first thing Toothless noticed was that the Communal Stable smelt TERRIBLE. Almost as bad as the Eel Incident with Barf and Belch.

Toothless gagged. "_Euck! Did something die in here?"_

Hookfang rose from his haystack. "_Well FINALLY you decide to show your noble face in here! Barf and Belch kept asking me if you died!"_

_"I wanted your severed head!" _Belch chirped.

_"No, I want it!" _Barf snapped.

_"You shut up!" _

"Girly!"

Toothless watched the Zippleback bicker. "_It's like without me, this place will collapse and rot and die. Which leads me back to the question: WHY the HEL does the Stable smell like rotten fish?!"

—

_"Oh, that..." _Barf perked up, ignoring Belch's chain of insults.

_"Yeah, about that...it may-or-may-not be my fault..."_Stormfly shrugged guiltily_. "You see, Meatlug suggested that we get something for you, when you came back. You know, so you'd look...less miserable?" _

_"Yeah, so they got you a whole barrel full of rotting fish!" _Barf cheered.

"Whatâ€"no! Hookfang and I stole a barrel of haddock and cod for you, from that old fishmonger," Stormfly said quickly. "_Peace offering. But we didn't know you'd be immobile for so long, and you know how cod and haddock are, when you leave it out for a few days..." she said sheepishly. _

_"Uh, I appreciate the thought, but may I ask WHY it's still here after three days?" _Toothless said with a hint of exasperation.

_"Barf and Belch didn't want to do it, Stormfly threatened everyone with her spikes and Hookfang almost burnt the Stable down," _Meatlug summed up.

Dragon looked to dragon in wordless guilt. Toothless thought for a while, expressions shifting on his face.

Something seemed to light up. "_I have an idea..." _Toothless grinned evilly. "_And you're gonna love it!"_

* * *

><p>Hookfang groaned as he carried the loathsome thing between his jaws. Stupid Toothless and his stupid, stupid dares. Well, FINE. He'll show that son of a crocodile that no matter what stupid dares he threw at Hookfang, Hookfang will always be the finest, fastest, most fearsome dragon of the lot.<p>

Hookfang slunk around the village, in search of that one Rider. It was amazing how many of the humans looked like each other. Except for a few tweaks in height or bone structure, he could have sworn half the people on Berk were forged from the same mould.

Ah-ha! He'd found the Chosen One!

Two blonde teenagers were strolling aimlessly, more focused on talking. One was taller with long and slender features. Her hair was knotted into two curious ropes that hung down either side of her head. The Chosen One, on the other hand, was more curvaceous, with lean muscles, built like a fiery Nadder. If Hookfang wasn't already a dragon, well, courtship seemed pretty imminent.

The two females talked, in their strange lilting Humantongue. It was a truly odd language, with it's complex intonations only an admittedly clever Toothless could understand.

Hookfang waited.

He'd learnt that one of the keys to an efficient Stealth Attack was to wait. Wait until the victim's bumbling eyes painted you over as just another thing in the sky, until the opportune moment to...

* * *

><p>"AAAAAAHHH!"<p>

"Oh my gods, Astrid!" Ruffnut didn't know whether to help the poor girl or to stand back.

Astrid flicked slime from her face, pushing away her bangs out of muscle memory. The blonde curtain was pulled back to reveal two bright, furious blue-grey eyes, shining like the edge of a freshly-polished axe.

"Jeez, Astrid, you okay? Tuffnut did that to me once, it's not actually thatâ€"

"Oh, he's SO going to get from me," Astrid barely grated out, going stark-white with rage.

"You tell him, baby girl. You tell him."

* * *

><p>"Y'know what your problem is, Hiccup?"<p>

Hiccup looked at Snotlout. He had a thousand problems, but did Snotlout really have to bring them up now?

"What?" He snapped impatiently.

"You're a meep," Snotlout said gravely.

"A meep?" Okay Hiccup was lost.

"A man-sheep," Tuffnut explained helpfully.

"See, girls, they wanna take you out on a walk," Snotlout tore off a leg from his roasted chicken, twirling it as he spoke. "They wanna feed you, they wanna cuddle you, but make no mistake, no girl wants to do the meep."

Tuffnut nodded solemnly, like they'd just diagnosed Hiccup with a life-threatening disease.

"Because no girl would everâ€" "

Hiccup turned red. "Whâ€"guys! Do you honestly think I..."

"No, he's right. I'm telling you, if you wanna get a shot with Astrid," Snotlout flexed his biceps casually, "and I'm not saying it's easy for some people, you gotta listen to the Lady-Mastâ€" "

"THIS. IS FOR MAKING YOUR STUPID DRAGON RUIN MY FAVOURITE SKIRT!" Astrid yelled as her fist collided with Snotlout's face.

"What are you evenâ€" "

"And THIS," Astrid roared, landing a kick in the metaphorical Viking Horn, "is for everything else."

And with that, Astrid Hofferson turned on her heels and left, blazing a trail of destruction behind her.

"Woah, what happened with Astrid?" Tuffnut asked, slightly traumatised.

"I dunno, ask the Lady-Master," Hiccup replied drily.

* * *

><p>Chapter 12 :D

**OMG so sorry for not updating! I went away for a holiday...yeah I should have told you guys! And also, for the same reason, I haven't been able to reply to your reviews, really sorry for that! Keep suggesting, though! I'm having a heck load of fun, and I promise that it gets better! **

14. Chapter 13

**Suggestion by: cute polar bear **

* * *

><p>"I STILL don't get it! Why do these things keep happening to me! It's like you guys have something against me!"

_ "Oh, Thor Almighty, could he be catching on?"_ Toothless deadpanned.

"_What?"_ Hookfang was indignant.

"_He says you're majestically intelligent,"_ Stormfly offered.

Hookfang unclenched his jaws to retort, when the doors were flung open.

_ "Hey, guys! Sorry I'm late! My Rider and I were having lunch by the beach and he found me this really really really tantalising blue rock and it tasted awesome and my fire bolts turned PINK and I don't think that's ever happened beforeâ€"_"_

_ "Your point is...?"_

_ "Oh, right! Barf and Belch said they'll be late, because they're supposed to be doing 'community service' for Thornado because of that time when they spooked the whole flock of Hairy Land-Beasts,"_ Meatlug explained, and the others nodded sympathetically. Thornado seemed to have a strange penchant for Yelling and Sentencing, ESPECIALLY if it the Yelling and Sentencing was directed at the five of them.

"_Anyway, Barf said we could start without them. Knowing us, they'll probably hear about it sooner or later,"_ Meatlug shrugged. "_Dragon Dare Deathmatch rules don't say anything about that, so I guess it's fine."_

_ "Seems okay. So, it's Hook's turn, isn't it?"_ Stormfly decided to get the metaphorical fireball rolling.

"_YES! NOW, I MAY EXACT MY DASTARDLY REVENGE ONâ€"_"_

_ "No dare-backs, Hook,"_ Toothless sounded bored.

_ "...I knew that,"_ Hookfang's expression wilted.

"_So, finally run out of genius ideas?"_ Toothless raised an eyebrow. Or...the dragon equivalent of one

"_Hm...okay I have one. I dare Meatlug to act like she..."_ Hookfang floundered momentarily for words, "_...to act like she's in love with Barf!"_

_ "That's even worse than the Baby Incident!"_ Meatlug groaned.

"_Ooh, and the catch is that you can't say you're doing a dare! If either Barf or Belch asks, you had to set the Human Chief's facial fur on fire. Got that?"_ Hookfang said menacingly.

"_Whatever you say."_

* * *

><p>"I couldn't be more grateful, Stoick! You just repaired my mother's entire house, in a day! Amazing!" Boggs the Brutal, a tall, beefy blonde, smiled warmly, patting his elderly (almost ancient) mother gently.<p>

Stoick beamed back. "Well, I couldn't have done it without my son! He," Stoick nudged Hiccup hard enough to bowl him over, "He was the one who rallied all these dragons!"

"Thank you, Hiccup," Boggs gave the auburn-haired teen a thumbs-up, before ushering his mother into the freshly repaired house.

Stoick waited for Boggs to get out of earshot. Then he leaned downward secretly.

"It was you, wasn't it, who got that Zippleback over here?"

"Uh...no, not really, it kinda just...showed up, volunteered," Hiccup shrugged. "Y'know these dragons, always willing to do constructive community service." Hiccup swung his fist in a "U" for emphasis.

"Ah...well, whatever it is, good job, son," Stoick said proudly. "How about some mutton stew later, to celebrate?"

"Sounds great, dad!"

* * *

><p>"Stupid Thornado," Barf flexed his aching forelegs.

"_Supposed to go flying today," _Belch whined.

"_All because of that stupid poo-face."_

"Cat-brain."

"Rat-stink."

"Eel-guts."

_"King of Idiots." _

"Girly."

"HEY! Who're you calling girly, GIRLY?!" Barf roared.

"You, obviously!" Belch retorted. "_Big fat bucket of GIRLY!"

—

_"Not as girly as...hey, who's that?" _Something in the distance seemed to distract the Zippleback.

"Uh, that's the sun, dumb-foot," Belch absently flicked sparks at an innocent flower.

"_No, that's Meatlug! HEY MEATLUG! HEY!"_ Barf started down the boardwalk, dragging Belch, who was whining, "_My flower! I was just about to light it up!" _

"_Hey, Barf!"_ Meatlug called sweetly. "_Screecher told me you were working pretty hard, so I got you some of this,_" she took a second to regurgitate a whole buffet of fresh, tantalising fish, from salmon to cod and even a whole lot of mackerel. "_Oh, hi, Belch!"_

"_Hi," _Belch replied miserably.

The dragons were silent, save for the sound of Barf wolfing down fish.

"_Mm...aw, this, THIS is good mackerel...oh, boy, another one! Woah...sweet, our Riders never fed us cod THIS amazing!" _Said Barf, whose head was buried in fish. He surfaced, grinning. "_Thanks, Meatlug!" _

"_No problem. Heard you liked mackerel,_" she attempted a sweet, smiley thing she'd seen Stormfly do a thousand times in front of Toothless, though she was sure she herself looked like a constipated whale doing it.

"_Yeah, how'd you know? Y'know, they say only the REAL dragons go for mackerel,_" _Barf flexed suavely. Meatlug giggled.

"_Oh, you big alligator!" _Meatlug gushed. "_Hey, it's almost sunset, and if you wanna catch it, I guess we could head down to the beach soon?" _

"_YES, WE SHOULD, SHOULDN'T WE, BARF?" B_elch butted in.

"_Sounds good to me! Let's go, then!_" Barf grinned.

* * *

><p>The sunset at the beach was truly majestic. Bright splashes of red, purple, gold and orange radiated from the vivid sun, colours shifting and blending subtly like the hues of a Changewing's Birthing Stone. The salty sea breeze whipped around the dragons' scales, awakening an ancient memory tucked deep within the folds of their memories.<p>

"_Wow...I've never really seen the sunset like this before," _Barf commented, awestruck. Meatlug leaned towards him.

"_You know, my Rider tells me that a Berk sunset is always better when you've got someone to see it with,_" she replied.

Barf turned to her, and she to him. Both dragons locked eyes for a fraction of eternity, something bright and vivid and wonderful passing between the lime-green reptilian eyes, something unspeakable...

And Belch buried his head deeper into the sand.

* * *

><p>"So you're telling me that your dragon is dating Barf?" Ruffnut eyed Fishlegs skeptically.<p>

Fishlegs momentarily took his head out from the bag he was hyperventilating into. "YES! I know what I saw! They were all...all...Hiccup-and-Astrid with each other!"

"Hey!" Hiccup and Astrid snapped.

"Like, and they were watching the sunset together! Why would Meatlug do that? That's our thing! Every day me and my princess Meatlug go to the beach and we watch the sunset and it's really pretty, and it's OUR thing, because it's special for us andâ€"

"BREATHE, Fishlegs!" Hiccup reminded him for the umpteenth time.

"That's AWESOME! Are they gonna make babies?" Tuffnut grinned enthusiastically. "Cuz if they are, I want one!"

"MY PRINCESS MEATLUG'S GONNA GET MARRIED AND MOVE AWAY FOREVER!" Fishlegs swabbed his tears on the bag.

Hiccup smacked his forehead. "I said BREATHE!"

* * *

><p>"THEY'RE COMING! ACT NORMAL!" Hookfang burst through the Communal Stable's roof.

Toothless, Stormfly and Hookfang scrambled to their usual piles of hay, and for a moment the stable was a flurry of tails, wings and scales.

Toothless whispered sharply. "_It's not called 'normal' if you're acâ€"WELL HEY HOWDY HEY, MEATLUG!" _

All three dragons plastered identical "innocent little puppy dog" grins on their faces.

Barf and Belch looked like something out of a bad comedy play. Barf looked healthy and alive, gleaming with seawater, caught in a laughing fit. Belch, on the other hand, simply looked like he was about to, well, barf.

_"...hah! I never said that! You, on the other hand," _Meatlug mock-scoffed, showering Barf with a wing-ful of seawater.

"_Oh, you're gonna go there again?"_ Barf stuck his tongue at Meatlug.

"_Bring it!" _She teased back_. "Oh, hey guys! How's it going?" _

"Great. What were you two up to?" Stormfly asked.

Barf chuckled. "_She was teaching me how to find constellations." _He jerked his head in Meatlug's direction.

"_And he's terrible at it! Said the Big Dipper was a goose!"_ Meatlug

added.

"_Well, looks like you two had fun!"_ Said Toothless.

"_Hey, you guys haven't told me what dare Hookfang chose!"_ Barf perked up.

"_Dâ€"oh! The dare! Yeah, Hookfang dared Meatlug to...set the Human Chief's face-fur alight!" _Stormfly said quickly.

"_Ooh, how'd it go?"_ Belch had awakened from the dead.

"_Well, it wasn't very good, because he put the fire out really fast,"_ Meatlug said apologetically.

"_Oh_" the twin Zipplebacks looked disappointed. "_Hey, 'Lug, wanna grab something to eat? Food's on me this time!" _

_"Sounds great! Any of you guys coming along?" _Meatlug was met with a three shaking heads.

"_Nah, we ate already. You guys have fun, kay?" _Stormfly beamed.

"_Sure!" _

Hookfang waited for the doors to close, before he spoke.

_"You DO realise Meatlug was just acting, don't you?" Hookfang raised an eyebrow at Stormfly.

The blue Nadder fluttered dreamily towards the Stable doors, popping them open.

"No, Hookfang" Stormfly sighed happily. "_She doesn't realise she wasn't."_

* * *

><p>That was Chapter 13 :) so sorry I'm late again! I have a few tests so it's been a little busy lately.

Just a heads-up: Next week's chapter may be late, because I have my end-of-years to prepare for! But don't worry, I'll be back!

**Thanks for all your reviews, and please keep the suggestions coming, because they are literally the ONE thing that drives this fic, so yeah get those creative cogs turning! **

15. Chapter 14

**Suggestion by: Dragon Man (guest) **

**(By the way, when I read your username I immediately thought of Trogdor!) **

**So hey guys! Sorry for the long hiatus! I was caught up with finals...y'know...so, anyway, here's the long-awaited next chapter! I

have actually gotten quite a lot of suggestions for this particular dare, plus I put a little bit of my favourite Riders of Berk headcannon in this chapter! Enjoy! **

* * *

><p>It had been at least a week since the last dare was carried out. The Dare Match seemed to have slowed down to a sluggish crawl, but it honestly wasn't anybody's fault. All that happened was that The Usual Things got in the way.<p>

Toothless was out hours on end, testing new gear with his small, maybe slightly insane Rider; Stormfly was perfecting a new spike-flinging trick with hers; Hookfang had found new meaning in life, specifically, through thinking (actually THINKING) up a myriad new ways to dump Snotlout in the ocean; Barf and Belch were busy Land-Beast-tipping.

Meatlug was preoccupied with juggling time out on the docks with Barf, and playing the "docile kitty-cat" for her dear bedridden Rider.

Who was injured.

Who had broken his arm in a dragon race crash.

Which was all thanks to a certain Night Fury.

Who, Meatlug was certain, was going DOWN this round.

Oh, yes. Meatlug had a dare in mind alright.

* * *

><p>"Oh, gods, you wouldn't BELIEVE how much I've missed the Dare Deathmatch!" Stormfly shook dust out of her wings, in the face of a very displeased Hookfang.

"_Hey, keep your stupid appendages under control, will ya?"_ Hookfang snapped. In response, a tail thwacked him hard over the head.

"_Oopsie_" Stormfly shrugged, settling on the nearest pile of hay.

"_Hey! Hope I'm not late! Me and Barf and Belch were at the docks, and time kinda flew by!"_ Meatlug burst in, followed by Barf and Belch.

"_Oh, no, not at all!"_ Stormfly replied cheerily. "_We just got here! We're waiting for Toothless."_

Just then, the doors flew open again._ "Ho-oh boy, I'm late aren't I?"_ Toothless sighed.

"_Speak of the Sea Devil, and he shall appear,"_ Meatlug said under her breath.

"_What did you say?"_ Toothless narrowed his eyes.

"_No-thing,_" Meatlug said in a singsong voice.

"_You're not still mad about the...accident, are you?" _Toothless picked up the scent.

"_Oh, no, not at all,_" Meatlug shrugged. "_In fact, I've forgotten all about itâ€"_"_

"_Odin almighty!_" Toothless cheered.

"â€"because I was too busy thinking up your dare!" _Meatlug grinned evilly. "_Now, I dare you, Toothless, to go find that Whispering Death, and act like you're best friends!_"_

The room was pregnantly silent for a moment. The common opinion was that Meatlug had either lost it completely, or was interested in turning all of them into pincushions. The former seemed more likely.

"_Look, Meatlug, I am sorry for making you crash, I really am! It's just that...Skinnerblade and I are DONE. We don't talk, we just stay away from each other, so neither of us ends up dead."_ Toothless gestured frantically. "_Mutual respectey...hatey...thing."_

"_Well, its your choice! Because if not, we'll just be a step closer to declaring a winner and a lo-ser!"_ Meatlug sang. "_Deathmatch rules say only one pass, and you might wanna save that for the next air-crash you cause!"_ _

"_You're crazy,_" _Stormfly shook her head.

"_I like that,_" Barf beamed dreamily at Meatlug.

"_Alright, fine. Spikes in my face, here I come!"_ _

* * *

><p>Toothless pawed at the ground. He'd managed to pick up Skinnerblade's scent, managed to track it all the way to a patch of grass-less earth, but why, oh, WHY did Vikings have to be so good at patching up holes? The earth was pretty much as tough as the bread that the Human Chief fed him last night, which meant that no matter how hard Toothless clawed and scratched, all he did was make a few linear dents. Finally, Toothless gave up.<p>

"_Thor-damnit,_" he breathed, and with that, a big, searing-hot purple ball smashed the patched-up earth to pieces.

"_Just as I remembered..." _Toothless muttered as he leapt down the gaping hole (which wasn't too deep, thank Thor), into the giant brown labyrinth.

"_Oh, Skinnerblade...come out come out wherever you are..."_ _Toothless sang to himself.

Suddenly, he felt it. Ears perked up, senses hyperaware, he could sense the Whispering Death was near, its lethal rings of fangs whirring like the voices of the spirits, the ground shaking ever so slightly, the sound of spines scraping the walls of the infinite deathtrapâ€"

Out of the blue, six razor-sharp spikes narrowly avoided Toothless's head, impaling themselves on the wall.

"I thought I told you NOT to call me!" A vengeful voice growled from behind Toothless. He turned around slowly, not wanting to end up like the wall above his head.

"Look, Skins..."

"Do not EVER call me that! We are OVER! 'IT' is OVER! YOU AND I ARE OVER! SO OVER WE'RE UNDER! So, I'm only gonna ask once: What the HELL do you want from me?" On cue, every single one of Skinnerblade's spikes snapped to attention, ready to strike.

"I just came say I'm sorry"

"Oh, that's a little late, isn't it? We broke up, what, a YEAR AND A HALF AGO? And then I'm thinking, oh, maybe I can move on from all of...THIS...but NO-OH!" A shrill, metallic glint of anger shone in her voice. "ABSOLUTELY NO! The next thing you know, word comes from sunny ole Berk, that Mister Popular Night Fury's gotten together with a Thor-damn NADDER!" With a screech, a dozen spikes perforated the wall again.

"Look, Skins, if you could just calm down, I can explain everything! Better than I did last time!" Toothless defended. "Stormfly is NOT my girlfriend, for one; two, I came to say that yes, I admit I was a jerk"

"And?" Skinnerblade shot him an expecting look.

"And fine. Yes. I DID forget your birthday that time. But just because we're not together anymore, doesn't mean we can't be...friends?" Toothless said hopefully. He could just feel that this was working...

"Why would I want to do THAT?" She snapped.

"Well, for one thing, there are some pretty cool people here, and we can hang out, I guess. The humans even built us this stable, so the sunlight isn't too bad!" Toothless offered. "C'mon, Skins, it'll be fun! You can have dinner together with them! They're nice!"

In the depths of Skinnerblade's massive conical skull, some cogs and wheels began to turn. Friends. She hadn't had them in a long time. Not since Toothless and her were done. Not since her sister was taken by that

"Okay, I'll do it. But ONLY for today," Skinnerblade turned to leave. "And they better be as cool as you said they were."

"Hey, where're you going?"

"I'm a Whispering Death, numbskull! I'm not going out in the SUN. Besides, I have tunnels all over the place. I'll catch you there."

"Alright, suit yourself," Toothless muttered as he leapt out of the hole.

* * *

><p>The Communal Stable doors were flung open (as they always seemed to be).<p>

"_Guys, Skinnerblade's coming over to do Best Friend stuff with us, so I want you all to be cool, okay?" _Toothless commanded urgently.

"_Like, what?"_ Hookfang looked confused.

"_JUST BE COOL!"_ Toothless snapped, just as the ground began to quiver, hay piles bouncing lightly, that familiar screeching of Dragon Teeth getting nearer and nearer.

The floor exploded from beneath Stormfly.

"_Alright, so who're we talking about?"_ Skinnerblade emerged in a brown cloud of dust.

Toothless grinned nervously."_Oh, perfect timing! Let's see, we have Meatlug,"_ the Gronckle waved, "_Hookfang," Hookfang attempted a suave wink, "_this is Barf and Belch,"_ Barf and Belch perked up, "_and lastly, we have Stormfly, who, incidentally, is also NOT my girlfriend!"_ Toothless finished, breathless, before adding a lame "_Tada..."_

"_Hi_" Skinnerblade said unenthusiastically.

"_So, uh, friends, what should we do for dinner? Y'know, something great for all SIX of us BEST friends?"_ Toothless said in that "Nudge-nudge-play-along-nudge-nudge" tone of voice.

"_Don't you worry your pretty little spikes, dinner's all on me! I will go and catch some of Berk's finest sea life, as I always do,"_ Hookfang volunteered, unusually excited. "_Oh, and extra cod just for you, m'lady,"_ he winked at Skinnerblade, who huffed.

With that, Hookfang rocketed out the door, crowing heroically, making it a point to flame up extra bright too.

After a moment, Skinnerblade remarked absently, "_He seems pretty cool..."_

Toothless pretended he wasn't about to laugh, and instead chirped, "_That's great! So while Hookfang is out, catching fish as he ALWAYS does, let's...uh...talk! Get to know each other! Skinsâ€"_"_

"_Don't..."_ Skinnerblade growled.

"â€"_"_Skinnerblade! Why don't you start first?"_ _

She rolled her eyes. "_Great. Hi, I am Skinnerblade, I am a Whisperig Death, as you can see...I came from Dragon Island. North end. Never actually been to Berk before. But I did go on a raids near Lightning Peaks, I think I was in the Covert Unit once or twiceâ€"_"_

"_Hey, wait a second...oh, yes...yeah, hey I remember you!"_ _Stormfly

interrupted. Oh, no, thought Toothless. The last thing he needed was for his dare to go up in flames (or spikes) because of some girly cat-fight.

"_Yeah...now that you mention it..."_ Skinnerblade narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

"_Gormã;nuã°ur of 'eighty-thrâ€"no, four?_" Stormfly paced menacingly towards Skinnerblade.

"_Operation Firelight, I believe," _Skinnerblade nodded slowly, dangerously.

"You..."

"You..."

At this point, cat-fight seemed VERY, very imminent. Toothless broke in."_Hey, ladies, we can settle this in a peaceâ€"_"_

_"OH MY GODS!" _The two dragons screamed simultaneously.

_"I REMEMBER YOU! YOU DID AIR COVER! YOU WERE THAT NADDER THAT SHOT DOWN THE HUMAN CHIEF!" _

_"AND IT WAS YOU WHO PULLED THE WHOLE FLOCK OF LAND-BEASTS UNDER!" _

"Oh my gods! I was there too! Aerial Fire Unit!" Barf exclaimed.

"Me too!" Belch added.

"_Thought I'd NEVER see you guys again! This is amazing!"
_Skinnerblade gushed, letting out a rare smile. The three dragons grinned at each other, remembering the faint adrenalin glimmer of a raid, and Toothless had to pick his lower jaw from the floor.

The doors burst open. "_What's amazing?"_ Hookfang dropped a pile of fish on the floor.

"_The smell of that cod, for one! Plus, were you one of the Monstrous Nightmares in Operation Firelight? Gormã;nuã°ur of 'eighty-four? Strike Unit?" _By now_, _Skinnerblade looked nothing like the angry ex-girlfriend Toothless had found at the bottom of the tunnels that morning.

"_As a matter of fact, yes I was! And you, m'lady, must be that crazy babe who perforated Berk's soil?"_ Hookfang pointed out in an unusual instance of quick wit.

"_Shut up,_" Skinnerblade grinned as she speared a salmon. "_To Gormã;nuã°ur of 'eighty four!" _

Stormfly, Barf, Belch and Hookfang raised their fish. "To Gormã;nuã°ur!"

Toothless and Meatlug silently raised a toast to not being speared to death that night.

* * *

><p>"â€"cup? Hiccup?"<p>

"Oh, hey Astrid! You're actually kinda...half a day early, I'm still adding finishing touches on the blade," Hiccup held up the shimmering metal he was scraping at.

"Oh, not that! Your dad's looking for you!" Astrid informed. "I'm like his personal mail-woman or something now," she shrugged.

Hiccup groaned. "Oh, Thor, can't those two stay out of trouble for just one day?" He stood up and pushed his chair in with a frustrated SCREECH.

"Hiccup, this is Ruffnut and Tuffnut Thorston we're talking about here! Their middle names are LITERALLY Trouble!"

"You, m'lady, have a point," he shrugged his vest on. "I'll be back soon, don't touch the shields!"

"Of course not!" Astrid called out once he was a safe distance away. Then she reached for the nearest shield. "Wonder what this does..."

* * *

><p>Stoick was already waiting when Hiccup got home.<p>

"Son, there is somethingâ€" "

Hiccup took a deep breath, then started at Nadder-speed. "I, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, am deeply and sincerely sorry for the explosion-slash-accident-slash-death-slash-casualt y-slash-mess caused by the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut Thorston. It is firm fact that...uh...just a secondâ€" " Hiccup briefly glanced at the inside of his forearm, "Ah, here we go...It is firm fact thatâ€" "

"It's not the twins, Hiccup!" Stoick was beginning to wonder if this was scripted in any way.

"Oh, great! We can check that off the list! Is it...Snotlout?" He guessed.

"No, it's the dragons!" Stoick sighed. Hiccup the Handful, through and through. "The Whispering Death tunnel that we covered up was re-opened. Today."

"So..."

"That's not the worst, son. Have you checked the Dragon Stable yet?" Stoick continued.

"No. Why?" Hiccup said quizzically.

"You might want to. "

* * *

><p>"Odin's ghost," Hiccup breathed, then "O-din's ghost,"

again.<p>

Through the crack in the door, Hiccup could see that the teens' dragons were having dinner, surrounded by a few chittering Terrors.

And right in the middle of the circle of dragons, sat a mighty Whispering Death, gulping down cod.

"Odin's ghost," Hiccup found himself saying again.

* * *

><p>"Bye, Hook! See you tomorrow!" Toothless called as the last of the dragons streamed out. Hookfang turned to leave, but not before mouthing a not-so-subtle_ "Call me!"_

Skinnerblade waited till the Stable was silent again. "_Hey, uh..."_

"Yeah?"

"You were right. Your friends are pretty cool," a faint grin danced on Skinnerblade's face. _"It's been a long time since I had them."
_"

"No, really...thank YOU for coming along," Toothless smiled back.

_"Oh, please, don't get all sappy with me. I'll visit soon," _she rolled her eyes. _"And one more thing. You don't have to pretend. You're with the Nadder. I may be half blind but I'm not half-witted. Don't lie."_

"No, really, we'reâ€""_

_"Save it, Squid-Ink Face. Besides, you two make a pretty great couple," _she smiled, as she ducked down the tunnel. "_Oh, and tell Hookfang that I'll definitely call him, alright?" _

* * *

><p>Whew! Chapter 14, guys! I loved this chapterâ€"it was pretty fun! Sorry if it dragged out a bit, though...

**Anyway, fun fact is that I based Skinnerblade's speaking pattern and character off a sort of fierce, goth chick...think Marceline Abadeer. PS: Who can guess who took Skinnerblade's sister? **

**So, once again, I cannot emphasise how much I love hearing your dares! I will love each and every one of them, and sorry if I don't write yours! Remember, the more awesome dares I get from you guys, the more interesting the Dragon Dare Deathmatch is! So keep 'em coming! **

16. Chapter 15

**Suggestion by: Ferdoos (it was between the two suggestions, and

while I loved both, I picked this. Also, I have had quite a number of suggestions along this line in the past, so...here it is!)**

* * *

><p>"So you LEGITIMATELY told her to CALL you?!" Stormfly laughed her characteristic high-pitched laugh as she twirled a roasted chicken leg on her talon.

Meatlug emptied out the basket hungrily, giggling like a banshee.
_"Oh, we always knew you were the biggest softy in the Known Lands!"
_

"Ooh, Skinnerblade dear, do call me whenst ever thou doth desire!"
Stormfly sashayed up to Toothless, who backed away quickly.

_"I NEVERâ€" _Hookfang cried in protest.

"I do beg of your courtship, O Lady of the Heavens, Gem of the Sea!" Meatlug continued in a saccharine warble. The two dragonesses cackled insanely, eventually crashing into each other. Meatlug took a moment to recover from nearly choking on a mackerel, before lapsing back into a hysterical giggling fit.

Barf leaned over to Belch. "_Mead in the fishâ€"_"

_"Worst idea ever," _Belch nodded back.

"Agreed," Barf nodded back.

"Wait a sâ€"what did you just say?" Stormfly narrowed her eyes quizzically at the Zippleback.

_"Heâ€" _

_"Noâ€" _

_"We didn'tâ€" _

_"NOTHING!" _Barf and Belch spluttered.

"No, no, I heard you," Toothless caught them dead on. Like a Timberjack dashing off the tricky hardwoods in a flash, leaving the prey with nowhere to run. Cornered. Spot on. Completely doomed.
_"Yes...you two just...agreed!" _

"Oh, no, they didn't!" Hookfang yelled incredulously.

"Oh, yes they did!" Toothless grinned evilly. "_And that gives me a fantastical idea for my next dare. Barf and Belch, I dare you to agree with each otâ€"wait, noâ€"agree with EVERYONE, for the whole of tonight and tomorrow!" _

_"Says a lot about Barf and Belch, doesn't it?" _Stormfly whispered to Meatlug, who nodded drunkenly, snickering.

"You're saying I have to agree with THIS idiâ€"gentledragon for the WHOLE of twenty-four hours?" Belch protested. "_That's absolutelyâ€"_"

Toothless smirked.

_"â€"Fantastic! Absolutely fantastic." _

* * *

><p>"So...is there an ACTUAL reason why we're all wasting our precious morning doing this now, or...can I get back to hog-hunting with Tâ€"ow! Watch the face!" Snotlout rubbed his jaw as Astrid shushed him viciously.<p>

"Will you be quiet?! This was just getting interesting!" Hiccup whispered sharply.

"Wait...what's going on again? And why am I whispering?" Tuffnut blurted out after the longest silence ever achieved. (Five and a half seconds, to be exact.)

"Because Hiccup said so, Troll Nugget!" Ruffnut said matter-of-factly.

"Uh, I don't mean to be theâ€"y'knowâ€"metaphorical wet blanket, Hiccup, but I kinda think there's a ninety-two-point-eight-nine percent chance that the sudden bout of unexplained behaviour from the dragons is...well...best left unexplained," Fishlegs said sheepishly from the neighbouring tree.

"C'mon, Fishlegs! I was just thinking that Tuff's theory was probable! Like a new, undocumented dragon rite or practice!" Hiccup defended, in an instance forgetting the "pact of silence".

"Woah, I said that? I'm awesome," Tuffnut said reverently behind the bushes.

The five teens groaned, and while they did, no one seemed to notice five dragons slip away quietly.

* * *

><p>"I see no point in this stupid exercise," Hookfang muttered irritably, once safely out of the humans' earshot. "_I'm wasting my whole morning on another dumb run-about for your little so-and-so! I'm pretty sure we ALL sniffed out that hidden basket of fish hours ago, so what are we even doing?!" _

"Exactly!" Chirped Barf.

"_Couldn't be more correct!" _Added Belch.

"_What is WRONG with you?_" Toothless whipped round to glare at the bored Monstrous Nightmare, ignoring the twins. "_It's like, ever since we got Barf and Belch to agree, you've been...I don't know...trying to COMPENSATE for them by firing everything down anything ANYONE says or does!" _

"That's it!" Barf cheered.

"_You tell him!" _Belch whistled.

Stormfly broke into the fray. "_Look, Hookfang actually has a point!

We honestly aren't achieving anything by spending hours pretending to look round for the basket your Rider hid. I'm sure we all DO have other things to do with our Riders, soâ€œ" _

_"Say it loud, sister!" _ Barf called proudly.

_"Show 'em your spines, girlfriend!" _Belch cried.

_"You too, Storm?! I thought youâ€œ" _ Toothless shook his head.
_"Look, I'm pretty sure my Rider spent a great deal of time thinking up this...whatever it is. I don't care if this exercise is the stupidest thing we've ever done, because I'm not about to make him feel like all his efforts were..." _Toothless floundered for the right word, "_useless_."

Stormfly raised her voice. "_That's NOT what heâ€œ" _

_"Oh, thats EXACTLY what Hookfang meant. Now I'm not sure if you guys give a fang about your Riders, but I sure have plenty to spare for mine." _Toothless glared at Hookfang, watching his words sink in lethally, exactly like dragon fangs into flesh. Then, when he was sure he'd bitten into the right chunk of fragile flesh, he closed his jaws to let the final tendon snap: "_And I thought you'd changed after that little vacation to Fireworm Island." _

_"Ooh, whatcha gonna do?" _Belch crowed.

"Toothless, what's gotten into you?!" Stormfly fluttered a short distance, landing confrontationally close to Toothless.

"Yeah, man, you kidding bro?!" Barf narrowed his eyes.

_"Into ME?! Hookfang outright insults our Riders, you stand beside him, and you're asking what's gotten into ME?!" _

"That's right, better believe it," Barf looked over at Toothless.

_"You crossed a LINE! We don't TALK about the Fireworm incident, Toothless," _Stormfly growled. _Then, after a bit, she added, "Just like how we don't talk about your Rider'sâ€œ" _

Barf nodded wisely. "_The woman has a poâ€œ" _

_"WILL YOU STOP THAT?!" _Toothless, Stormfly, Hookfang and Meatlug (who had been scarfing down rocks in an attempt to avoid the fray) screeched simultaneously.

Silence. For a very long time.

Then, all of a sudden, a great dam broke forth. Toothless hammered at the ground, cackling. Stormfly "hee-hee-hee"d hysterically(as she always did) , somehow ending up leaning on Toothless for support. Hookfang chucked until his scales flamed up lightly every time he exhaled. Meatlug giggled uncontrollably, and Barf and Belch snickered like they'd just set Ruffnut's braids on fire.

_"Spike that...we've crossed every line possible, haven't we?"
_Hookfang shrugged once he stopped endangering the forest with involuntary flaming up.

"_A dysfunctional bunch, we are,"_ Toothless nodded, flashing a gummy smile at Hookfang.

"Let's go grab some lunch!" Meatlug piped. _"Enough disagreeing for one day!"_

"Agreed!" Said Barf.

"Completely," added Belch.

As the five plodded off through the forest, Hookfang spoke up again.

"We're not gonna tell our Riders where we're off to?"

"Spike that. I'm hungry." T_oothless shrugged.

"Spot on," Barf cheered.

"TouchÃ©!" Belch yelled.

"We completely agree!" they chorused.

* * *

><p>Belch yawned as the Zippleback curled up on their pile of hay.<p>

"Can't believe we managed a whole day of agreeing," he mused.

"I knew it all along!" Barf smiled impishly.

"No, you didn't, Eel's Breath!"

"Yes, I did, Face-of-a-Land-Beast."

"Fat Alligator."

"Sissy puppydog."

"Old-and-Slow."

"Girly."

"...Even-More-Girly."

"Who you callin' girly, girly?"

* * *

><p>"Did you just fart?" Tuffnut spoke, just as his sister was dozing off.<p>

"No. Why, Butt-Elf?" Ruffnut rubbed her half-closed eyes blearily.

"Then why's Barf and Belch's stable on fire, Crone-Lady?" Tuffnut nestled back down into his fur blanket.

"Must've been you, idiot," Ruff yawned, turning over.

* * *

><p>Another chapter done! I am so so sorry for the loooooong hiatus! I had to plan a youth camp, so things got pretty busy! I swear, I'm not ignoring you guys! Thanks to all who stuck around, though.

**As usual, please please leave a suggestion! The more I have, the more interesting it gets! Love you all! **

17. Chapter 16

Suggestion by: Midoriko-sama

* * *

><p>The golden Berk sun swam up through the ocean, flinging streams of rose and scarlet tresses across the morning sky as it surfaced for air. A flock of tiny wild dragons fluttered round the horizon like little black dots, which promptly disappeared above the apricot-stained fleece of clouds.<p>

As the sun slowly ascended through the heavens, a glamour of bright yellow crept over the hardwood rooftops, till everything matched the coral-orange sky.

"_Looks amazing, doesn't it?" _Stormfly said quietly.

"_You bet," _replied Toothless, as the two dragons perched on the Hofferson house's roof.

"_And the best part is, every single sunrise is new. Different." _Brightly coloured quills shifted awkwardly.

"_Just like us dragons, don't you think?" _

Stormfly didn't answer. Instead, she flexed her wings.

"_I suppose the others are at the stable already. We should go. Earlier we start with today's dare, earlier we can end. We've got a big day at training," _she crouched and spread her wings.

"_Fine by me," _Toothless shrug-grinned over his shoulder at Stormfly, before leaping off the roof.

* * *

><p>"Alright, who's turn's it now?" Hookfang looked around.

"_MINE!" _Barf yelled.

"_NO, MINE!" _Belch snapped.

"_I SAID IT WAS MINE FIRST!" _

"_WELL, GIVE IT UP, GIRLY!" _

"Okay, okay, BOTH of you, SHUT UP! For the love of peace!" Barf and Belch wilted at the sound of Stormfly's voice.

"You realise that both of you are pretty much the same dragon?" Toothless pointed out.

_"Just let'em think!" _Meatlug yelled.

There was silence.

_"I've got it!" _Barf exclaimed suddenly, making everyone jump.

_"Me too!" _Belch crowed.

"We dare Meatlug to lock your Rider in one of those human supply sheds!"

_"Together with Barf's Rider!" _Belch promptly added.

Barf turned to Belch in surprise. _"Wait, what?" _

_"Deal!" _Meatlug declared with a challenge-me grin. "_Oh, waitâ€"do I do that during training, or after?" _

The dragons nodded at this very valid point, until Hookfang pointed out that it was her dare, so it was rightfully up to her.

"Alright, then. We'd better go, before we're late!" Stormfly nagged, before all five burst through the hardwood stable doors in a multicoloured flurry.

* * *

><p>Hiccup clapped his hands once for silence. "Today's exercise is really importantâ€" "<p>

Snotlout scoffed. "Psh, when was it nevâ€"MY FACE!"

Astrid flicked her fingers twice to loosen her knuckles, before shooting Snotlout a venomous glare.

"As I was saying, this is a very, VERYâ€" a brief glare at Snotlout, "â€"important exercise. When separated from our dragons in battle on unfamiliar domain, we need to learn how to hold our own, even without our reptilian help. Today, me and Gobberâ€"thank you very much, Gobber," Hiccup smiled briefly at the burly blacksmith, who promptly broke out in a rousing chorus of "I'VE GOT MY AXE, AND I'VE GOT MY MACE..."

Hiccup continued, "Me and Gobber have rigged up this little simulation of hostile territory. What you need to do is to get from this end," he gestured to the small platform on which the teens stood, "to that end." He pointed, and the teens' eyes followed his arm-line through a twisty maze of barricades, fake rubble, uprooted trees (most likely yanked straight out of Mildew's old yard) and rickety wooden lean-tos, to a tinier platform on the other end, lit up beautifully by the early morning sun.

"But before that, your dragons will be scattered round the obstacle

course at random. Once you find your dragons, you can then make your way to the platform, and fly out," Hiccup concluded. "Are we clear?"

"As mud," Snotlout deadpanned.

"Great, Snotlout! That's exactly the sunny, positive attitude we need. Now let's move, Vikings!"

* * *

><p>"Can't see through this stupid fog," Barf grumbled.

"_That's the POINT of fog!"_ Toothless sounded impatient. He squinted uselessly at the chalky blur. When the human Steel-Shaper led them round the flimsy mess of wooden structures, the five dragons found themselves separated somehow. But of course, that didn't stop Barf and Belch from letting the whole of the dragon world know where they were, what Belch had eaten that morning and just how uncomfortable the floor was.

"If you don't like it, try and think of something else! Distract yourself! It can't be THAT hard to keep an idiot busy!" Stormfly snapped through gritted fangs.

But lo and behold, they didn't need to, because at that moment, Hookfang spoke up.

_"Hey, guys, where's Meatlug?" _

* * *

><p>"I DID IT! YES!" Fishlegs jumped aboard Meatlug. Then, he added (maybe a little too loudly), "WE SU-URE DID SHOW THAT SNOTLOUT, DIDN'T WE, GIRL?"<p>

"SHUT IT, FISH-EGGS!" Came the terrifying roar from the other end.

The pair lifted off the platform, and flew out of the arena, to find themselves blissfully alone.

Fishlegs squinted down at the arena, through the bars.

Astrid had gotten through most of the traps, though she looked like she was missing half her skirt-spikes. Right now, she was basically trying all ways and means of calling Stormfly while nursing a very un-Vikingly sore throat. Hiccup was pinned under a barrel (which, ironically, was part of the trap that Hiccup was most proud of), and though Fishlegs couldn't properly hear, was most likely cursing himself for being such a trap-building genius.

On the other side of the arena, Snotlout found himself stuck in not a carefully placed pressure-triggered booby trap, but between two walls of a fake "corridor", the width of which Hiccup had totally mis-estimated. Ruff and Tuff were close by, standing back-to-back bashing up wooden posts they thought to be each other. (Most likely because the fog made it hard to see whose dragon head was whose.

)

"Uh-huh, we're the dream-team, girl," Fishlegs nodded slowly. "Up top, Meatlug!" He held out his fist, but instead of the usual scaly paw, nothing really bumped his knuckles (except maybe for a mosquito). Fishlegs whipped around.

"Meatlug? Girl? Where are you?"

* * *

><p>Meatlug watched her Rider as he stood at the rim of the training-ground.<p>

Lock him in a supply shed? How? Was she supposed to...lure him there like a fish? Pick up the shed and plop it over him? Or just go the whole hog, pick him up, throw him in and slam the door?

_"C'mon, girl, now's your chance. Just...I don't know!" _She started pacing around like crazy. There was a nearby supply shed, but what in Yggdrasil was she to do?

All of a sudden, a terrible, awful, dignity-shedding idea came to her.

"_To Hel with it all,"_ she muttered, before she charged.

* * *

><p>"Meatlug! What's wrong, girl! Take it easy!" Fishlegs wished he had the power to magically lift the barrel (which was still sitting gloatingly on Hiccup's nearly non-existent internal organs) off Hiccup, bring the kid here and get him to cute Meatlug's crazy.<p>

Meatlug seemed to be constantly jerking her head in a certain direction, while looking absolutely terrified out of her wits, whimpering like an injured puppy.

"Oh, you want me to follow you?" Fishlegs guessed. Meatlug promptly nodded and bounded off, with Fishlegs screaming "I'M A GENIUS!"

The pair ran, with Fishlegs grinning like an idiot, because FINALLY! A real adventure, with just him and his girl! Meatlug didn't seem to notice, though, because her eyes were narrowed to slits, meaning that her "game-face" was on.

They stopped in front of a lonely old supply shed.

"Something in there?" Fishlegs asked in a whisper. Meatlug nodded quickly, backing away.

"Alright, here's the plan..." Fishlegs leaned close to Meatlug. All of a sudden, his logical, page-by-page brain seemed to stop working all together. And all Fishlegs thought of was...

"Hyah!" Fishlegs yelled impressively as the door to the shed splintered. "You shall pay dearly for terrorising my dragon, you...evil...waitâ€"

There was nothing in the shed. Neither was there anyone behind him

anymore.

* * *

><p>Meatlug ran. She wasn't very fast, but wellâ€"neither was her Rider.<p>

"Oh my gods, oh my gods..."

She'd failed. She'd FAILED. SHE'D failed? SHE'D FAILED!

The door was completely kicked off its hinges, how was she to lock him in there in the first place? Not to mention the fact that there was something about Barf's female human Rider that she'd overlooked. And on top of failing the dare, her Rider was probably never going to trust her again! What was she to do?!

As she started pacing in circles again, she could hear her Rider calling out her Humanese name frantically.

"_C'mon, c'mon, think..."_ She muttered. Then once again, her trusty dragon grey matter came to her rescue.

* * *

><p>"Meatlug! Meatlug, what's this all about? Where are you? Meatlug, girl!"<p>

Fishlegs went behind the shed. True enough, there was his dragon!

"Meatlug! There you are! Andâ€"Oh, Freya aboveâ€"these are beautiful!" Fishlegs took a deep whiff of the pink flowers Meatlug dropped into his hands. "You did that just to surprise me! How sweet!"

As he ran off to brag to the other dragon, Meatlug let her smile fade, for a fraction of a second. And as the adolescent humans gathered in a little cluster, chattering in their odd lilting tongue, Meatlug couldn't help but wander over to Barf. Lately, the better half of the Zippleback brothers seemed more of a confidant than an irritation, plus they had hit it off quite well.

_"I guess that's it," _she sighed. "_Dragon Dare Deathmatch rules say I'm out." _

_"Oh, c'mon. I don't think you'll be alone for very long," _Barf smiled. "_Besides, shouldn't you at least get to come up with a dare?" _

Meatlug thought for a while, but wasn't able to answer before Hookfang crowed, "_Aa-and...she's out! Hah! I knew this was a man's game!" _He snickered overhead.

_"Shut it, Wart-Face," _Stormfly's spikes stood up all at once.

"But seriously, what was going on there?" Toothless somehow managed to slip away from his Rider.

_"I don't know! I guess I was nervous, so everything went downhill from there...anyway, how was I to know that he'd kick down the door with his hindlegs like Hookfang's brutish whale-chunk of a Rider?"

—

"Well, you're out now." Hookfang pointed out brusquely.

"But that just means that we can't make her do stupid things anymore. Plus, whatever blame that comes to us as a whole isn't likely to include her anymore," Toothless shrugged. "_So, in a way, you win." _

"I guess so. But nonetheless, a Gronckle never backs down, and I'll still be back next round to mete out another terrifying dare!" Meatlug began to smile.

"Game on, sister!" Said Stormfly.

"Challenge accepted!" Toothless nodded.

"Bring it, Reptile," Hookfang huffed.

"We're bringing this party down!" Barf and Belch chorused.

Meatlug grinned. "_You guys better watch out!"_

* * *

><p>Alright, I know these constant hiatuses are really getting on your nerves, and it's just as annoying for me. I'm not going to give excuses, neither am I going to guilt-trip you with some story about how my uncle's-mother's-half-brother's-son's-niece's-daughter died on the mountains of eastern China after tragically saving 78 orphan raccoons or some shit like that. I came to say sorry, sorry, sorry for leaving you hanging like that all the time. I've just been very busy (you know it happens to everyone), and stress and creativity aren't exactly a match made in heaven.

**So I thank all the followers and viewers who have been seeing me through this fantastic journey. (No, I'm not stopping this just yet.) I cannot promise to always post on time, and I really don't like that. But I can promise you that I am all ears for the great, exciting and hilarious dares you people have in mind. **

**So, uh, thanks guys. And thank you, especially to the anonymous guest who made me realise how much these hiatuses were getting on your nerves. The next chapter will definitely be better! **

18. Chapter 17

Suggestion by: Ferdoos, Toothless(guest), & trystrike

**This suggestion is, once again, one of those that a lot of people have requested before! So what finally got me to write this was like 3 separate reviews on the same chapter, requesting the same thing. While my story's a little different from the suggestions, I guess the gist is around the same. So, without further ado—"Enjoy! **

* * *

><p>Meatlug's reptilian eyes narrowed to slits. Barf and Belch glared daggers of flames, animalistic instinct flaring up within.<p>

Meatlug's talons shot forth menacingly. A curl of bright green gas whispered from between rows of not-so-subtly bared fangs.

She growled, a stony paw shuffling forward ever so slightly. He smirked, because two could play at this game, and mirrored her.

Tension hung in the air on spiderweb strings, one daring the other to move. Burning gazes converged in the electrical air, as both dragons prepared to take on the offensive...

Two competitors meant no middle groundâ€” you could either win, or surrender your dignity for all eternity.

Now or never.

Time to fight, to tear, to claw, to win.

Time to...

"_YA-AAAAHHHHH!" _

With a blood-curdling battle cry, the two flew forward at the speed of the mighty Thor's lightning.

"Mine!" Barf clawed.

"No, mine!" Meatlug batted him away with her tail.

"_Wait, where did itâ€”"_

"AH-HAH! I am victorious!" Meatlug held the thing up so that it caught the sunlight, which was then flung back mockingly into Barf and Belch's eyes.

"_Fine, fine, you win,"_ Barf conceded defeat. "_Man, you ALWAYS win at this!" _

Meatlug twirled the delicate Thing. "_Takes practice, of which I get a lot. Me and my Rider go shell-collecting all the time!_" She dropped the pearly conch on the sand, near her mountain of seashells.

"_Well just you wait. Soon, I shall be the Shell-Collecting Master, able to pick forty shells within a span of ten minutes!"_ Barf puffed his chest out.

"_Five minutes,"_ Meatlug grinned.

"_Oh, it's on,"_ Barf nodded, grinning back.

She laughed, and when she did, Barf swore he could hear the tinkling of shells, the rustling of leaves and the sweet rush of waves all converge in harmony.

She turned to Barf, her scales aglow with sea-spray. "_Oh Barf, you're so great to hang out with!" _

_"Really?" _Barf knew if he was a Human, he'd be bright vermillion.

Meatlug giggled briefly, playfully smacking his foreleg with hers. "_Of course! Why would I lie to you?" _

He beamed, framed by the setting sun's rosy light. "_I honestly can't think of a reason." _

* * *

><p>"Had fun, lovebirds?" Came Hookfang's scathing voice as soon as the pair entered the Communal Stable.

_"Oh, believe me, they did," _Belch growled irritably.

_"Oh, come on, you two! That was uncalled-for!" _Stormfly verbally swatted Hookfang and Belch's comments.

Hookfang rolled his yellow eyes. "_Just stating facts!" _

Belch joined in. "_Yeah, what's yourâ€" _

_"OH, WILL YOU JUST SHUT UP?!" _ Stormfly blasted.

Surprisingly, not one, not two, but all the other dragons suddenly went quiet. For a long time, nobody said anything, and the silence was so heavy you could practically HEAR Stormfly and Hookfang glaring at each other.

_"So...I have to give a dare, eh?" _Meatlug decided to break the tension right there.

_"Yeah! Lay it on!" _Barf and Belch cheered in unison, after a while.

"Why not do it later? I'm sure Toothless would want to be here to hear it," Stormfly was doubtful.

_"Oh, because you ALWAYS know what Toothless wants." _ Hookfang winked coyly. Well, whatever satisfaction derived from the little jab was pretty damn short-lived, for a barrage of blue-and-gold spikes came flying towards him, followed by a brilliant blast of hotter-than-the-sun flames.

Meatlug nodded like a wise old sage as the rest snickered. "_Hm...she does, doesn't she?" _

_"Wait, what do you mean?" _ Stormfly's dragon blood ran cold.

Meatlug was now full-on grinning like a Cheshire Cat. "_I meant that...I dare you to act like you're in love with Toothless. Actually, it's so obvious that you don't really have to act, but just make it more obvious than it already is. Like, ask him out or something. I dunno." _

_"Oh, you son of a rat-eating, half-troll, MUNGE-BUCKET!"

—

Meatlug's toothy grin widened as she continued. "Oh, and just like when I did my dare with Barf, you can't say you're doing this on a dare either!"

"Alright, fine. Deal," Stormfly reluctantly obliged. However, once again, she suddenly realised that she'd been the only one speaking.

"What? Guys, what's going on?" Meatlug looked around, from Stormfly, to Hookfang, to Barf...whose jaw hung slack in shock, like a stake had been driven through his heart.

And it was only after a very pregnant pause, that he managed to choke out:

"What do you mean, 'just like when you did your dare with me'?"

* * *

><p>"Nononono, I didn't mean for it to"

"Of course you didn't," Barf chuckled bitterly, disbelievingly.

"You don't understand!"

"I'm sure I do," Barf gritted out. "Hah, yeah! Why would you lie to me?" He echoed her words of that afternoon. "Funny how I still can't think of a reason."

"Look, I'm sorry!" Meatlug hoped the dark night hid the singular teardrop. "I said that a million times already!"

"It's...fine, I guess. I should be sorry too. I guess I shouldn't have gotten so excited about something that...wasn't there in the first place..." Barf trailed off sadly, and Belch almost felt guilty in his own way.

Meatlug flew after Barf as the Zippleback began to walk away. "Hey, wait, don't tell yourself that! Think about it. Maybe the reason why I was given that dare by the others," her voice went very soft, "was that they wanted us to see something that only they could see, something that was always there...in the first place."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yeah, I...kinda like you," Meatlug confessed. "I mean, first I thought it was stupid, like it was just for a dare, but I realised...y'know..."

"I...wow...yeah, I mean, me too," Barf quickly corrected himself, "as in...I kinda like you too...not that I like myself" although I, um, actually do" this is confusing..."

"Oh, save it," was all Meatlug said, before she closed her eyes and leaned in. And not surprisingly, Barf leaned in towards her too.

* * *

><p>"They're doing it! They're doing it! They...oh..."
Hookfang grimaced, "_they kinda look like two seals fighting over a grape, but Odin's ghost, I'M A GENIUS! My plan worked!"_

_"Oh, shut it, you. I still have my stupid dare," _Stormfly tried to look disinterested, though she was secretly cheering her best friend on.

_"Wait, SHHâ€" they're coming! Act natural!" _Hookfang scampered away from the window frantically, knocking over the barrel that held some of their fish.

Shortly after, Meatlug and Barf and Belch entered.

_"We...talked it out," _Meatlug stated.

_"A-and?" _Hookfang prompted.

Barf began. "_We decided that..." _

_"We don't need to pretend anymore," _Meatlug finished.

Stormfly's jaw dropped. "_But you guys can still be friends, right?!"
_

Barf's eyes widened. "_Woah, woah, woah! She meant that..."_

"I mean that we don't need to pretend we like each other..."

_"Because we do." _They finished in unison.

An awestruck silence hung in the stable.

And all of a sudden, Hookfang whooped. "_I TRULY AM A GENIUS!"_ Amid the peals of laughter that followed, Stormfly said:

_"I am so, so happy for you! So, on with the dare match!" _

"On with the dare match!" The rest cheered.

"And we ALL know what that means!" Belch added.

"...crap," muttered Stormfly.

* * *

><p>Toothless yawned, stretching out on his stone bed. As his bright green eyes fluttered open, he realised that the temperature had dropped considerably. Lazy little snowflake drifted in through the window, tangled in the invisible threads of wind. His little Rider snored softly, one spindly arm dangling off the bed, tiny fingers curling and uncurling as if subconsciously searching for the blanket he'd kicked off the bed.<p>

Suddenly, Toothless halted in thought. Today was definitely something important...something special...he just couldn't place his talon on

it. He knew today was special, out of some strange instinct, but for Thor's sake, WHAT WAS IT?!

Toothless began to pace around. Oh dearâ€”if he'd truly forgotten, both he and his Rider would be sorely upset.

Think think think think THINKâ€”

It hit him like a hot blast of fire.

Snoggletog Eve! Of course! There were preparations to be done, a dinner to be had, decorations to be set up!

Excited, he bounded down the stairs, not (really) bothering when Hiccup finally slipped off the bed with a thud, reunited with his blanket.

* * *

><p>"Stormfly!"

"Oh, hey! Happy Snoggletog Eve!" Stormfly greeted Toothless cheerily. "_Wanna help me put up some of these ornaments? I asked Inferna, like, five times, but she's totally skiving!" _

Toothless was slightly surprised. What had gotten into Stormfly? She seemed...more bubbly than usual. Usually she'd insist that she could manage on her own, but today she was asking HIM for HELP!

Toothless shrugged. The human festivities undoubtedly affected all the dragons in their own special ways. Maybe it was just the prickle of excitement in the air?

"_Well, sure! What can I do?" _

"Er...you've got pretty strong legs right? I guess you could toss these ornaments in the air, and I'll spike them to the Festive Tree!" Stormfly chirped.

_Strong legs, _thought Toothless. _Huh. _

"Sound great! Here comes a blue one!" He grabbed the ornament with his mouth, launched himself in the air, then quick as a flash, released the ornament and whacked it at the Festive Tree using his forelegs, subsequently flipping back to the ground elegantly. In no time, a bright gold-and-blue spike skewered the ornament right in the dead centre.

"Oh my gods, that was so cool! I had no idea you could do that! Do the flip thing again!" Stormfly gushed, feeling like a clingy idiot. Something fluttered in Toothless's belly, something red-hot like the metal his Rider shaped, yet at the same time, it was beautiful and delicate as the snow that floated on the pair now.

Toothless pushed the feeling down and happily obliged. "_Sure! Watch this!" _

He executed the flip once more, this time with a yellow ornament. But what he didn't expect was for said ornament to smack him unceremoniously on the head.

"_Ow!" _The almighty Night Fury flopped on the floor like a piece of flatbread.

Stormfly gasped. "_Oh my Thor, I am so so SO sorryâ€"I got so caught up watching youâ€"I mean, the flip WAS pretty coolâ€"guess I wasn't paying attentionâ€"oh my goo-oods...I'm such an idiotâ€"does it hurt?"_

_"Nah, relaxâ€"I'm fine. Besides, that was pretty funny," _he grinned back at her.

Stormfly giggled. "_Cmon, stupid reptileâ€"let's get back to work!"

—

* * *

><p>"Astrid! Hey, uh, hi Astrid, have you seem Toothless anywhere? I kinda just woke up and he wasn't in the house, so I figuredâ€""<p>

"First off, it doesn't take a genius to know you just woke up," Astrid gestured to the green pyjamas Hiccup was still clad in, eliciting an embarrassed "oh" from him. "Second, Toothless is right over there, with Stormfly. Geez, they're not babies! Stop worrying!"

"That's fantastic, I'm going back to bed," was what Astrid guessed Hiccup had just said, though it was near impossible to tell since all the words were jumbled up into a huge yawn.

"Nuh-uh-uh, you are NOT going back to bed. We have a FESTIVAL to prepare for! Now go get changed and if you take longer than five minutes, so help me Odin, I will personally go up there andâ€""

"Geez," Hiccup smirked. "You sound just like my Dad. Oh, waitâ€"twice as crazy." He started on his way back to his house.

Astrid yelled, "Infuriating son of a half-trollâ€""

"Rat-eatingâ€"" Hiccup called back.

"Munge-bucket!" Astrid finished.

She could hear him chuckle as the wooden doors shut.

* * *

><p>"So, what exactly WERE you doing last night?" Stormfly skewered another ornament.

"_Me and my Rider wereâ€"hyah!â€"on a littleâ€"yah!â€"night flight," _Toothless paused his ornament-flinging for a while, "_just like old times. Then we decided to watch the sunrise while we were in the sky. Though I think I may have caused the human to stay up longer than was good," _Toothless mused.

"_Why is that?"_ Stormfly asked.

"_Well, he was so exhausted that all he did was swap his outer furs and crash on the floor. Didn't even make it to the bed," _he said matter-of-factly.

Stormfly giggled hysterically. "_Oh my Thor! That is hilarious!"_

Encouraged by her (kind of attractive) laughter, Toothless felt the need to continue. "_Oh, yes, and guess who had to put him to bed?"

—

Stormfly gasped. "_No way!"_

"Yes, way!"

"That is so sweet! You know, not many other guysâ€"umâ€"people would do that!" Stormfly hoped she wasn't making it too obvious.

"_Iâ€"really? Thâ€"umâ€"thanks!"_ That feeling washed up again, crushing whatever he wanted to say. "_Thanks! Oh, um, did I say that already?" _

Stormfly laughed. "_You are SO funny. Alright then, Mr Smooth, lets take a break. Wanna go grab lunch?"_ ('Grab' as in, literally grab live fish out of the ocean.)

OhThorStormflyaskedhimoutStormflyaskedhimoutStornflyaskedhimoutkeepit coolkeepitcool...

_"Uh, sure! Lunch would be great," _Toothless thanked the gods that his jet-blackness (was that a word?) covered up the fire creeping round his neck.

"_Maybe somewhere quieter...there's a lake further north, and they have amazing fish." _This time, the words came out without the permission of her brain.

"_Sounds good. Is it a far walk? I kinda..."_ Toothless flipped his tail around, the bright red Thing standing in stark contrast to his ebony scales and the ivory snow. "_Yeeeah...if not we could take our Riders along? I'm sure they need some quality time after That Time." _He winked conspiratorially at the Nadder.

"_Yeah, something about it told me they were strangely comfortable together," _Stormfly nudged Toothless.

"_So...sounds like a plan!" _

"This is the THIRD time! Thor-damnit, your SHIRT is inside out!"

Hiccup rubbed his eyes, suppressing a yawn. For some reason, he just couldn't pull it together. He knew he'd been totally fine that year, pulling an all-nighter for Toothless's Mech-Tail.

Ah, that's right. What he DIDN'T do that year was fly from dusk to dawn, taking breaks only to catch fish and race Toothless up the cliff, among other things. Not one of his brighter ideas, considering

his deeply inborn disinclination for physically demanding activities. Andâ€"boyâ€"shifting the gears of Toothless's tail, a task which should be natural, had become mentally exhausting after a while. Not to mentionâ€"

"â€"cup? Hiccup? Midgard to Hiccup! Hello-o?" Astrid's voice suddenly filtered in thickly through the foggy swirl of thoughts.

"Shâ€"whaâ€"huh?"

"Y'know what? Never mind. I was hoping you could help me with something, but evidently... "

"Ooh, scratch that, I'm listening!"

"Yeah, I hope so. Anyway, I was thinking you could help me with my Yaknog recipe?" Astrid said hopefully, blue eyes glittering like an excited child's. "Y'know, to improve it?"

Hiccup gulped and his stomach fell to his feet. Foot. Thor-damnit. Of all the things on this earth, whyâ€" "Why, sure! Sounds great! But how bout some lunch first?"

"Alright! Hey, it's our dragons!"

"Hey bud! Where were you? You can't just disappear like that!" Hiccup wrapped his arms round Toothless, grinning into his dark scales. Toothless warbled happily in response.

"You wanna go for a ride? Hm?" Hiccup knew the answer would always be yes. Again, Toothless grinned and rumbled.

"Hey, Astrid, wanna come with? We can fly to lunch!" Suddenly, it was as if Hiccup just slept a hundred hours.

"Sure! As long as you don't fall asleep and make Stormfly and I catch you!"

"Well, I don't have to be asleep for you to need to catch me!"

"Whaâ€" "

But Hiccup and Toothless were already off in a blur of black and green.

"Oh, no you don't!" Astrid smiled her not-so-playful-competition smile, and the pair rocketed off with a battle cry.

* * *

><p>"Slow!"

_"Look who's talking!" _Stormfly closed the gap.

"_Who, you mean the fast one?" _Toothless shot back.

"_No, that's me, idiot!" _Stormfly laughed as she began to overtake Toothless.

"_Hey, is that the lake you were talking bout?" _Toothless suddenly angled downwards.

"_Yeah! That's the one!"_

_"You thinking what I'm thinking?" _Toothless's eyes twinkled.

"Ohhh gods..." Was all Hiccup managed, before both dragons plummeted downwards in a twirling mess of black and blue.

Colours, shapes and sound were all spinning violently, just like his head. Hiccup's heart had dropped so far that he couldn't even compose himself enough to scream. All he could think of was that he should be in bed. (Not a hospital one, hopefully, his brain added distantly.)

Beside him, Astrid was howling her lungs out with the likes of "STORMFLYYâ€"YYY WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" (And a few curses.)

Suddenly, the pointed dark shapes of the trees blew up rapidly before his eyes. Hiccup's eyes widened, because they were plummeting at full speed towards what was basically hundreds of square miles of giant kebab sticks. He shut his eyes fully expecting â€"

FOOMPH!

And suddenly, the world wasn't spinning anymore. In fact, both dragons had unfolded their wings, gliding calmly as they sailed inches above the bare treetops. Snow glistened everywhere, daintily frosting the tops of the grass blades. Below them, a brilliant cerulean lake shimmered, not cold enough to freeze over completely, but just enough so ethereal swirls of white were traced over its still surface. Even the trees seemed to transform into towering columns dappled with white, instead of life-threatening spikes. As the dragons slowly drifted downwards, Hiccup realised that the four of them were completely aloneâ€"once Astrid had stopped yelling, Hiccup found it was completely quiet. No animals, no wind...

They were deep in a shimmering bowl of beauty and light, like Valhalla on earth.

"Woah...it's just...amazing..." Astrid gaped.

"Yeah..." Hiccup replied as the dragons circled and landed. Still in a daze, they dismounted and began walking towards the lake.

It was Stormfly who spoke first. "_My gods, my head is spinning..."_

_"Me too..." _

They took a step forward, then another step. Hm. Relatively safe. Or so they thought, until their legs gave outâ€"

"_Oh dear..."_ Toothless was suddenly face-to-face with Stormfly.

"_Well..."_ Stormfly shifted on top of him.

_Woah, her eyes were really really cool. More golden than yellow, really. And her scalesâ€” _

Toothless pushed the thought down, till he found Stormfly staring back.

_Oh, what the Hel. _

Toothless shut his eyes and leaned forward. He guessed that Stormfly did too, because he could sense her warm scales inches from his. The air suddenly dance with bright sparks of something unspeakable, and the white-hot feeling in Toothless's chest flamed up brighter than before. This time, he didn't push it down. The gap between Night Fury and Nadder dwindled slowly, growing smaller andâ€”

"TOOTHLESS! Hey! Bud! Come over here!"

Both opened their eyes.

"_Well..."_

"I should get off..."

"I think I'm the one on top, genius."

"Oh."

The tangle of limbs was slowly picked apart, after which they trotted in silence over to their Riders.

"Hey! Toothless, look at that!"

The auburn-haired human pointed at something in the snow. Following his fleshy talon, the dragons found a the ground beneath the trees doused in bright, yellow flowers, like a beautiful carpet amongst the stretch of shadow-mottled snow and grass.

But obviously, that wasn't what Hiccup wanted to show him.

"Ta-daaa!" Hiccup grinned up at Toothless. "How d'you like my handiwork?"

The dragons watched with a mildly puzzled expression as Stormfly's Rider, whose flaxen hair was weaved full of the bright yellow blooms, paraded a small distance with a tiny twirl at the end, making her braid swing and catch the sunlight for a second.

"_You know we were having a moment there, right?"_ Toothless said to his Rider.

"See, even HE thinks the left side's a bit much," Astrid gestured to Toothless as she sat down.

"Well I don't! I think it looks great! Artistic imbalance!" Hiccup argued, stepping back to admire his work.

"_Y'know what? Toothless and I are going back to the lake," _Stormfly chattered at her Rider.

"Well, Mister Artsy-Fartsy, Stormfly doesn't seem to think there's a problem," Astrid put her hands on her hips, pouting.

"That's not fair! You don't even know what they're saying!" Toothless could hear his Rider argue in the distance.

"_What I wouldn't give to understand human mating customs,"
_Toothless sighed.

"_You're telling me," _she laughed.

"Man, what took you guys so long?"

Hiccup blinked innocently at Snotlout's glare. "We were..."

"At lunch!" Astrid said hurriedly.

Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "Yeah, we get that part, but why were you two alone for so long? What were you eating? Each others' mouâ€" "

"Hey, look over there!" Tuffnut interrupted.

"Dragons?" Hiccup quirked his eyebrows.

"No, genius! It's Toothless and Stormfly!" Ruffnut suddenly felt like she was the smartest one around.

"Ooh, Toothless is making Hiccup-Eyes at Stormfly!" Snotlout crowed.

"Hiccup-Eyes?"

"Yeah, likeâ€" " Snotlout switched to his highest-pitched voice, "Ooh...Astrid...my love for you is like a thousand suns...let's ride into the sunset on our dragons forever, and make beautiful babâ€"OW! AH...AW THIS IS BAD..." Snotlout crumpled on the ground.

"And that's for everything else," Astrid whispered fiercely.

* * *

><p>"Wait, if she's the one supposed to act like she's in love...why is HE the one making doe-eyes at HER?"

_"SSHH!" _Hookfang was promptly silenced by Barf, Belch and Meatlug.

"_What? It's true!" _

_"Oh...it was always true," _Meatlug grinned at Stormfly and Toothless, who were talking harmlessly. If, of course, the way they leaned towards each other and how their "playful nudges" seemed to last fractionally longer, was considered "harmless", then yes. Harmless.

"_Eight haddocks says they'll kiss by the time the Snoggletog firework show rolls around," _Hookfang whispered.

_"I'll double that," _Said Barf.

* * *

><p>"Words will never express how much I love cliché sunset-watching dates," Stormfly mused.

Toothless's heart stopped. Wait, what?

The creeping, hot sensation tangled his words up again.

"_Uhâ€"th...ee..yah...this is...a date?" _

Stormfly stared. "_Er...I guess you can...see it how you like?"

_

_"Yeah..." _

Stormfly turned back to look at the sky. "_But either way, it still is absolutely marvellous..."_

_"Absolutely," _Toothless agreed, until he realised she probably wasn't talking about the sunset. Well then.

"_Wow..." _

A bright, non-awkward idea came to Toothless. "_Uh...hey! I just realised you haven't told me what your dare was!" _

Stormfly's throat clenched.
ShootshootshootshootcmonTHIIINK...

"_I...uh...set the human chief's facial furs on fire?" _

* * *

><p>Alright! Hope it did justice to your expectations! I actually planned for this chapter and the next to be posted exactly on Christmas Eve and Christmas as...y'know...a little Christmas present to the lovely people who have stayed with me through this journey. But of course, I'm like...3 days late. (This chapter took longer than I thought it would, because there's just so much to write for Toothless and Stormfly!)

So...sorry again. Just a heads-up, the next chapter has no dare. It's basically a "Christmas episode". Thanks once again!

19. Chapter 18

"Yaknog! Get your Yaknog! Come get yourself a frothy cup a'cheer!" Astrid's voice rang through the streets as the slight blonde balanced a tray of cups.

"Ooh! Smells GREAT! Can I have one?" Fishlegs seemed to pop out of nowhere.

Astrid beamed and held out the tray. "Happy Snoggletog, Fishlegs! Have a cup of my deliciousâ€" "

"STOP! FISHLEGS, NO! DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES DRINK THAT!"

All heads turned to find Hiccup scrambling down the snowy streets, skidding to a stop inches from the precariously balanced tray.

"Stopâ€"don'tâ€"drinkâ€"that," he panted, bracing his hands on his knees.

"Why?" Fishlegs retracted his hand.

"Yeah, why?" Astrid looked slightly betrayed. Then, she leaned down to his level, and whispered fiercely, "I thought you said the finalised formula was NICE!"

"Yeah, butâ€"" Hiccup struggled for breath. Finally able to speak, he straightened up. "I forgot the leaves on this tray."

He opened his fist, and carefully balanced one mint leaf on top of the creamy white froth in each cup. "The mint leaves were my idea," he added.

Astrid rolled her eyes. "Alright, alright, drink up, Fishlegs."

Suddenly, a dual blur of blonde came barreling out of a nearby house.

"Ooh, I smell food!" Ruffnut grinned hungrily.

"I love food!" Tuffnut added.

Both twins grabbed a cup in each hand and downed each cup like a shot of mead.

Hiccup didn't miss the widening smile on Astrid's face as more and more children and adults alike set empty cups on her tray, giving friendly death threats if she didn't bring out more.

"Well, don't mind if I do," came Snotlout's voice from behind them.

"Sure! Have a cup!" Astrid handed him a cup of the creamy stuff.

"Mmm, what is this stuff?" Snotlout asked, punctuated by greedy mouthfuls.

"Yaknog!" Astrid replied sweetly.

Snotlout promptly emptied his mouthful back into the cup.

"Yaknog? No way."

"Of course it's Yaknog!" Astrid insisted. Snotlout stared down at his cup of creamy, pale yellow goop that actually tasted pretty good. Yaknog? No way. He rubbed his eyes, wondering if he'd finally lost it.

"This isn't Yaknog!" He spluttered.

"Um, yes, it IS." The gleam in Astrid's eyes now resembled that of a freshly sharpened axe.

"Then why is it so...weird and...wonderful?"

"Hiccup helped me make a few tweaks to the recipe!" She put an arm around Hiccup's shoulder, who promptly turned an impressive shade of crimson.

"It's actually pretty great," Snotlout nodded approvingly as his second cup went down on the tray.

* * *

><p>"Happy Snoggletog, Meatlug!" Stormfly called out as she passed by the Gronckle's stable.

"_Oh, hey! Stormfly! Did you hear about the fireworks show?"_

Stormfly laughed. "_Yeah. Hookfang thinks it's a crazy ideaâ€"humans creating their own fire-blasts? Who ever heard of that?" _

_"Well, I hear it'll be fantastic. Barf and Belch happened to see the test runs, and they said it's like a dragon's fire," _Meatlug whispered secretively.

"_Alright then, catch you later at dinner! I'm going to drop by Toothless' place," _Stormfly saluted her as she flew away.

* * *

><p>From first light, it was plain to see that the entire island of Berk was abuzz with activity. Children barrelled down the streets, flinging snowballs while screeching like wild Terrors. Men and women alike went door to door, bringing meat pies and smoked fish, exchanging holiday greetings. Overhead, dragons soared with their beloved Riders. Some dragons even sported festive wreaths or little jewel-hued bells that jingled cheerily against the bright winter sky. Terrible Terrors chased and tapped underfoot, like rainbow-coloured terriers.<p>

Even the air was wild with life as the smell of special Snoggletog delicacies drifted and circled through the wind-whipped snowflakes. Food vendors advertised their special Snoggletog fare, the fervent shouting mingled into a joyous cacophony.

Amongst the dragons, too, it was evident that they were having a special celebration of their own. Since mating season only came in alternate years, this year being the off-season, huge troops of gurgling, yapping baby dragons trotted around, some occasionally trying to lift off into the cool, sharp air.

Hiccup and Toothless, as usual, were out flying again. This time round, though, they flew higher and faster than before. Hiccup had perfected numerous tricks, and from afar could be seen twirling and soaring alongside his dragon. It was as if dragon and boy had become one, zipping through blue skies and white-whipped clouds.

And as the sea, once again, rushed upwards then completely flipped

upside down, Hiccup's only thought was: "I wouldn't miss Snoggletog for the world."

* * *

><p>Later, as dinner rolled around, the Great Hall was flooded with the gold light of towering torches. Gobber led the village in a rousing medley of traditional Snoggletog songs, from "Frosti, the Snow God" to "We Wish You a Happy Snoggletog".<p>

"And now, it is me pleasure to invite the Chief of Berk, Stoick the Vast, for his ANNUAL SNOGGLETOG ADDRESS!" Gobber gestured to Stoick, as thundering applause filled the hall.

"Whenever Snoggletog comes around every year, my favourite thing to do is thisâ€" he paused dramatically, "To look back, and think of how ABSOLUTELY CRAZY it is, to be celebrating with DRAGONS! Am I right? No?" The whole hall was in an uproar of laughter.

Stoick grinned and continued. "Ah, but seriously now. There are a number of people I'd like to thank for making this year's Snoggletog celebration possible. Of course, there is my good man, Gobber, who lead the Snoggletog Sing-a-long AND tasted all the food, Thor bless his soul; then there's Mulch and Bucket, designers of the wonderful decorations you see around you; the Jorgensens and the Hoffersons, for supervising the building of the Snoggletog tree. We have the lovely Astrid Hofferson and her delicious Yaknog, which I took ten cups ofâ€"beat that!â€"and the chefs, for a spread worthy of Valhalla. Last but not least, I would like to thank my boy, Hiccupâ€" a wave of 'aww's went round the hall, "â€"not just for creating the spectacular fireworks show we'll all get to see later, but because if it wasn't for him," Stoick paused, as father and son found each others' eyes and smiled affectionately, "we wouldn't have these marvellous beasties to spend the holiday with. Thank you everyone!" Again, a mighty applause rang out.

"And now, as we sit down for the Snoggletog feast, I'd like us to take time, to reflect. Think about the great year Odin himself has blessed us with, think about the people you love. Think, and I mean really THINKâ€"as most of us are inclined not to doâ€"think about the Snoggletog spirit of giving. And above all, HAPPY SNOGGLETOG!" The crowd cheered as Stoick stepped off the dais.

As Hiccup applauded, he felt someone nudge his shoulder.

"Astrid! Hey!"

"Hi," Astrid beamed. "Just wanted to say that...what you did, helping me with my Yaknog, was really nice. And I wanted to say...thanks. I mean, a lot. I really appreciate it." She pushed a small, wooden box into Hiccup's hands.

"Woah, for me? Thanks!"

"That's for helping me with my recipe," she grinned.

"Oh boy, here it comesâ€" "

"And this, is for everything else." Suddenly, Hiccup's brain was completely fried as he found his lips locked with that of Astrid's.

The Great Hall spun violently and all sounds were wiped out entirely, as her milky arms circled his shoulders. Distantly, Hiccup found himself thinking that no matter how many times this happened, he'd still feel like he'd died and gone to Valhalla.

Some distance away, he thought he heard Toothless snicker.

* * *

><p>"...and now, let's all head outside for the grand Fireworks Spectacular!"<p>

A bone-crushing mass migration of Vikings and dragons ensued. The crowd flooded out like a wave, as the fireworks team lined up at the rockets.

Stormfly found herself next to Toothless.

"Oh, hi! Didn't see you this morning."

_"Yeah, I was out flying," _Toothless shrugged.

_"Listen...uh...there's something I should...clear up." _

Toothless cocked his head. "_Yeah?" _

_"It's about...us. And yesterday." _She managed to stutter out.

"And...what about us?" Toothless felt his heart already start to drop.

_"Yesterday, I lied. My dare was to act all sappy with you, and I couldn't tell you I was doing a dare. But hey, waitâ€"there's more." _Stormfly's heart was beating so fast, she thought it might stop right there.

"More?"

_"Yeah. This sounds cheesy, but...it made me realise how much you actually mean to me...I hope that's okay?" _Stormfly dropped her gaze.

_"Well, I also wanted to say something," Toothless didn't know if he was relieved or not. _"I was also thinking, and...I realised I may have been rushing it. I mean, you mean the world to me, but here's the thing. A long time ago, I felt the same thing for another girl. A great, hot wave in my chest, couldn't speak, couldn't sleep. And we worked. At first. Once the feeling died down, I realisedâ€"it was just a crush. Stupid teenage thing." _Toothless paused to see if he'd lost Stormfly yet. Seeing that he hadn't, he hurried on. "_So what I'm saying is, what you and I have is special. We are already best friends, whereas Skins and I weren't. Not really. So I think that...for the time being..."_

_"Yes?" _Stormfly said softly.

"I think we shouldn't rush it. I don't want this to burn out fast like a fire-blast, so here it isâ€"" _Toothless took a deep breath,

then another, to still his hummingbird heart. Finally, he spoke. "_I think we should be friends, BEST friends, first. You're already the best dragon friend I have, Stormfly! And when the time comes, and if you agree, we'll be more than that. Is...that okay?"_

As the fire-works team lit their torches, Stormfly finally spoke. "_Yes, that is TOTALLY okay! I am totally cool with that. Although this is still worth a try," s_he grinned.

"_What is?"_

"This."

And as a million bright spheres of coloured light flew and burst in the sky, Stormfly rushed forward, dragon snout crashing with Toothless's. And then, Toothless kissed back. The pair stayed, framed white by the flaming coloured blasts that lit the sky up impressively, stayed even as the crowd cheered, as if cheering them on; then finally pulled away, grinning giddily.

Toothless blinked, feeling like he was flying. _"I could get used to this." _

* * *

><p>Happy Belated Snoggletog, guys!

**Do remember to send in your dares for the next chapter! It's Stormfly's turn to dare now! **

End
file.